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SCENES OF SPRING.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. BY JENNIE TEMPLE.

The sun steals through the window-pane
Upon the sanded kitchen floor,
And dripping showers of gleeful rain
Peep shyly through the epen door.
Then glad beams kiss the tears away,
Bid nature wear her sweetest smile,
And tell the weeting skies he say. And tell the weeping skies be gay, Forgetful of their griefs the while.

The cheery robin builds its nest
Upon the hawtborn's tangled bough,
Or chirps its fluty song at reet
Beside the rustic at his plough.
The blue-bird's grateful anthems ring
Adown the sloping, shadowy dale,
And butterflies on powdered wing
Make glad the winding, dreamy vale.

The drowsy hum of droning bees, The lowing of the distant kine, The lowing of the uname term,
The wandering, ever-sighing breeze,
And green buds of the swaying vine;
The noisy birds, the humming bees
All join the chorus of the sky, And all the perfume-laden trees
Proclaim that radiant spring is nigh.

JOYCE DORMER'S STORY.

BY JEAN BONCEUR.

CHAPTER XIII. FROM JOYCE'S DIARY.

November 27th.—A week since Mrs. Gresford Lynn's funeral. We have seen nothing of Mr.

Lynn since.

Aunt Lotty has been weeping surreptitiously all the week, when Mr. Carmichael's eye was not upon her. She has made me tell her over and over again all that occurred at Lynncourt. I have described the dining-room until she knows it as well as I do. She avoids saying much before David for the root while is over helicad.

before Doris, for the poor child is overwhelmed with grief, and cannot get over the sad event. Why do I call it sad? Would I not like to be sleeping now as quietly as Mrs. Lynn is sleeping? I think I would give a great deal to change places with her, and yet perhaps this is wrong. Are not our lots appointed in life; and is it not for us to endure? After all, may there not be more faith in endurance than in the most zealous labors? May not the brightest crowns be given, not to the energetic laborers who have labored boldly and labored well, but to those poor souls who have meekly suffered, and yet have also patiently and faithfully endured to the

were end?

Mr. Carmichael, strange to say, is also interested in Mrs. Lynn's death, and seems to regret it, but through what combination of ideas I cannot understand, since he is more openly bitter against Mr. Lynn than he has ever been before; and yet I heard him utter one day:

"I wish she had not died."

Odd: but Mr. Carmichael is incomprehensible and I cannot yet fathom what was his object in allowing Doris to attend the death-bed of Mrs.

Lynn.
"The poor little children!" said Aunt Lotty.

And Doris burst out crying.

"What ails the girl?" asks Mr. Carmichael;
"is it 'coming events,' Doris? Troubles never
comes singly, eh? There may be more yet in

store for Lynncourt.'

"Ob, uncle, what makes you hate them so?"
and Doris's head goes down again.
"You would go to Lynncourt. Nothing would
have stopped you," pursued Mr. Carmichael;
"and you see the end of it. You won't get
over this for three months or more."

what are you mourning over. knew what you were going to see; and if you are glid that you went you ought to be satisfied."
"That is not what Doris means." I begin.
But Mr. Carmichael stops me.
"I have nothing to do with what Doris means."

'I'm glad I went."

"I have nothing to do with what Doris means—only with what Doris says; I can't help it if she does not express herself properly."

How can Mr. Carmichael quibble over such a sorrowful subject? But he seems possessed by some malicious demon at the present time. I never saw any one behave in such an extraordinary manner. He seems as if he could not let the matter drop.

the matter drop.

Again he begins:

"Mr. Lynn is much cut up, you say?" he says, turning to Aunt Lotty.
"Yes, I heard so," replies Aunt Lotty,

Who told you ?" demands Mr. Carmichael sternly, whereat Aunt Lotty becomes nervous, and incoherently murmure something about a

"Does she do sewing for you as well?"

Let her never do any for the future-I'l not

go haires with Lynncourt for anything." Aunt Lotty twitched her knitting p could see her hands shaking; but the woman in question, depending chiefly on the sewing of Green Oake for a living, Aunt Lotty is embol-dened to beg for her. "It is Letty Jones," she urges.
"Letty Jones must find another employer then," answers Mr. Carmichael, as he walks

Then poor Aunt Lotty reproaches herself for having mentioned Letty Jones's name.

having mentioned Letty Jones's name.

"But I am always sure to de wrong—no wonder Mr. Carmichael gets angry," she says.

"You see, dearest, I am so inferior to him, I never know just the right thing to do or say."

Just then Doris roused herself up.

"Inferior, Aunt Lotty! You are as superior to Uncle Carmichael as light to darkness. I love you, and I hate Uncle Carmichael. There, I have said it at last—I knew I should some time."

"Oh, Doris! Doris!"

"Oh, Doris! Doris!"
"I don't care," returned Doris, impetuously.
"Why does he come in that calm cool way of his, saying all kinds of cruel disagreeable things that one has to listen to? It would rouse the spirit of a lamb, and I'm not a lamb, and I don't want to be one. And what is he always hinting at? as if I should wish harm to happen to the Greeford Lynns, if I have the misfortune to hear the name of Carmichael I would sconer. to bear the name of Carmiohael. I would sooner lie down and die this minute than that any trouble should come near those children."

And then another marvel happened. Mr. Carmichael put his head into the room again;

Carmichael put his head into the room again; and now the shade of anger had passed away, and a sort of smile was on his lips.

"You can have Letty Jones again if you please. It is perhaps as well to get accustomed to communication with Lynncourt."

And then his head disappeared, and Aunt Lotty's spirits revived, and she made some speech about Mr. Carmichael's Christian and forsiving spirit.

But as I as w nothing for him Lotty's spirits revived, and she made some speech about Mr. Carmichael's Christian and forgiving spirit. But as I saw nothing for him to forgive I could not respond to it. And as it was somewhat long and decidedly prosy, I found myself looking out of the window, and falling into quite a different train of thought, which was suddenly interrupted by the appearance of a stranger approaching the house.

"Whe can it be?" said I; overpowering a sentence of Aunt Lotty's that ended with "meckness," or "loving kindness," I ferget which.

"Who-what?" asked Aunt Lotty, scattering

her little eulogy to the winds.

"A gentleman," said I.

"Perhaps Gabriel," said Doris, starting up and coming nearer the window. "No," she added, in a disappointed tone, "it is only a sort

added, in a disappointed tone, "it is only a sort of gentleman."

When the stranger was ushered in he certainly answered to Doris's description. He was half gentlemanly in his dress, and half like a groom. It would have been difficult to define where the gentleman ended and the groom began, or vice versa. He spoke with a free-and-easy swager, which might either be affected, or the result of natural vulgarity.

This personage announced himself as Mr. James Withers, an old friend of Mr. Carmichael's.

"Is Hugh at home?" he asked of Aunt Lotty, who sat aghast at the presumption of the man before her, for I question whether she had ever heard Mr. Carmichael spoken of by his Chris-tian name before. Indeed I doubt if she had ever used it herself, excepting on the occasion

of her marriage.
"I think Mr. Carmichael is at home," she re plied.

"Ah! The servant wasn't sure; so I said I would come in and wait, for Hugh would be very sorry not to see me. Daresay you have often heard him speak of James Withers."

But Aunt Lotty was unable to reply in the affirmative.
"Ah! indeed!" continued Mr. Withers.

I'm surprised at that. But Hugh was alway a close fellow, and never let out more than he had any occasion to. Not that, sometimes. Ha! ha! ha!" and Mr. Withers laughed.

Aunt Lotty looked uncomfortable. Just then Mr. Carmichael's step sounded along the pas "He always wore creaking boots," remarked

Mr. Withers. But as he looked at no one cepe cially, no one felt called upon to reply.

Indeed, we were all in a manner petrified, and

were looking at the door, for there was a feel-ing in all our minds that somehow or other Mr. Carmichael would not be pleased to find Mr. Withers established in the drawing-room.

Withers established in the drawing room.

The door opened; and Mr. Carmichael entered.

Mr. Withers jumped up.

"How do you do, old fellow? How are you after all the years since I last saw you? Didn's expect to find you in these parts. All the greater

"Glad to see you, Withere," returned Mr.
Carmichael, and he extended his mouth, in imitation of a smile of greeting. "Where have you been all this time?"

"Baried up in the north," replied Mr. Withers.

Bat I've been taking a run south, and have
been in Devonshire the last eix months. I'm

my way home now."

Mr. Carmichael half suppressed an exclama

"The last time we parted was in a land far enough away," said Mr. Withers. "Do you hear much news from Australia now? Is Bargrave "I don't know," returned Mr. Carmichael.
"I'm trying to find out,"
"Ha!" said Mr. Withers. "He'd be an old

man now. Let me see; fifty, thirty-eighty-four at the very least, and he was not a strong

"No," replied Mr. Carmichael, in a m ne. "And you think he must be dead?" "I should say so."
"I think so myself, but I want to be sure.
"I think so myself, but I want to be sure.

wrote some weeks ago to see if any one could find out anything about him." "Have you any particular reason for wanting to know !

It was a simple question enough, and yet Mr. armichael seemed annoyed by it, for he turned the subject. "Where are you going to from here?" he

"I'm going to stay here a day or two. I've put up at the Lynn Arms. By the by, I met two children on my way here, and one of them reminded me so of Jack Greeford, as I remember him before—"

I was all attention now. Surely the root of bitterness was going to be revealed. Perhaps Mr. Carmichael had the same idea, for he rose

"Send some luncheon into my study," said he to Aunt Lotty. "You will take a glass of wine?" he continued, turning to Mr. Withers, who also rose, and they left the room together.

Surely we shall learn something, Mr. Carmichael has insisted, upon Mr. Withers staylog at Green Oake for the day or two that he is to be in the neighborhood. And he pays as much attention to him as he did to Mr. Caester, which

Aunt Lotty wonders at.

"I'm sure he is not half so nice a man," she says. "I can't see why Mr. Carmiohael should be so polite to him. But it's another evidence."

be so polite to him. But it's another evidence of his goodness. He is no respective of persons."

Poor Aunt Lotty! Will she ever read Mr. Carmiobael aright?

Better that she should not, or a sun will have fallen out of her firmament. And then it will be quite night to her, and it's twilight more than half the time now.

We are not favored with much of Mr. Withere's company, and with none of his direct conversation, for Mr. Carmichael engrosses his guest entirely, and keeps up a monotonous flow

guest entirely, and keeps up a monotonous now upon the most wearisome topics. I am sure Mr. Withers is bored, though he jokes Mr. Carmichael upon his acquisition of loquacity.

"You used to be such a silent fellow, Hugh. Never had more words than enough, and that short measure for any one. It must be owing to you, ma'am," said Mr. Withers, suddenly turning to Aunt Lotty, who was almost deprived turning to Aunt Lotty, who was simost deprived

of speech by the unexpected address.

However she contrived to stammer, "Oh dear no; I do not talk much."

Whereat Mr. Withers laughed louder, and re-

marked, "Then he's been obliged to do it all, and it's necessity that is the mother of inven-

Which speech he seemed to think very witty, and I was amazed that so punctilious a person as Mr. Carmichael could tolerate such an un-

teward person.

But Mr. Carmichael scrupulously avoids being annoyed. But there has been no mention of John Greaford since, though Doris and I have been on the look-out constantly.

CHAPTER XIV.

Mr. Carmichael's study was a small room at the side of the house, looking into the flower-garden. The walls, as a matter of course, were lined with books, but the books were seldom removed from their shelves excepting by Joyce and Doris, for Mr. Carmichael was no reader Heavy curtains shaded the windows; the furniture was very handsome, and there was a luz uriously stuffed easy-chair on either side of the

In this room Mr. Carmichael transacted his business, here he read his newspapers, and here in fact he spent most of his time. And here the two men stood by the fireplace now, the one the model of a neat and well-dressed gentleman, the other a man of nondescript type. The one a sedate respectable-looking persons the other unkempt and disreputable in his ap-pearance. And yet there was an expression decidedly similar upon the face of each, as they stood gazing steadfastly at one another. Thus they stood for several seconds, and then Mr. Withers, throwing himself into one of the laxuriously stuffed chairs, spoke.

"Times are changed since we last met,

Hogh." And he gazed round the comfortable Mr. Carmichael, who had seated himself in

the opposite chair, nodded.
"You made money after that," said Mr. Withers, with emphasis. Mr. Carmichael winced

What's the use of referring to an unpleasant

what's the deep referring to an ampleasant eubject, Withers?"
"None at all, except by way of contrast," responded Mr. Withers; "and between old friends it's safe enough; there's no one knows anything about it but me and Jack Greeford, it below it all." if he's still alive." Mr. Carmichael fidgeted, rose, poked the

fire, est down again, and finally, in a constrained voice, replied,
"John Greeford is still alive, and living in

this very place. Those were his boys you met

Mr. Withers started to his feet.

"Good heavens! Then what has induced you to pitch your tent in these parts?"

"I had been settled here ten years or more when he came, and I couldn't well leave."

"Hum! Well, you're safe as far as he's concerned."

"Yes. I'm not afraid of that; but it's not

agreeable to meet with a living witness of what one would rather forget," said Mr. Carmichael,

bitterly.

"Pooh! as long as no one knows, what doe
"Pooh! as long as no one knows, He didn' "Posh! as long as no one knows, what does it matter? He'll never peach, now. He didn't before, for poor Nelly's sake, and he wouldn't now, because he in a manner compounded a felony; besides, there's no legal evidence. Tut, man, you've no need to mind; lift up your head and growl back at him if he gives himself any airs."

any airs."

To do Mr. Carmiohael justice, he growled a good deal more than his neighbor, as people who are under drep obligations that they cannot throw off are apt to do. The benefitted person often feels as though his benefactor had injured him. And so it was with Mr. Carmiohael: jured him. And so it was with Mr. Carmichael: he had hated John Gresford all his life; he had begun by doing him injury, which John Gresford had looked over; he had continued to persecute him, and John Gresford had helped him out of a difficulty,—nay, more than a difficulty, a penal offence, that would have ruined him for life. Certainly he assisted him for the sake of another; but that, under the circumstances, rendered it none the less saling. He was and dered it none the less galling. He was, and would be, John Gresford's debtor to the end of his life, in a matter in which be could never be quits with him.

"And where does Jack Gresford take up his

"And where does Jack Treated
quarters?" asked Mr. Withers.

"At a place close by, left to him by an uncle,
whose name he has taken. He's John Greeford

"And the 'Lynn Arms' belongs to him, I suppress?"

suppress?"

"Yes, part of the property."

"He's well off too, then," mused Mr.
Withers; "something of a great man in these
parts; would scarcely care to see a friend of
early days. Why, I remember him a lad, with
hardly a penny wherewith to bless himself, and
yet he managed to scrape enough together to
get you out of that mess, Hugh."

"I wish you'd talk about something else,"
interrupted Mr. Carmichael, sharply.

"Well, now, I don't see why one shouldn't
go back to early days. If one's early faults are
repented of, and have been lessons through life,
one ought to be obliged to them. You didn't

ne ought to be obliged to them. You didn' parry on business over and above scrupulously in those times, but you've had no be more par-ticular since, so the warning was beneficial. If I were you, I should make quite a moral senti-ment out of it, something quite edifying. You were always something of a sticker-up for morals and piety, even in your worst days, and now ron're surrounded with so many blessings," con tinued Mr. Withers, assuming a sanctime expression, that oddly contrasted with a twinkle in his eye, "I should think you might practice expression, that oddly contrasted with a twinkle in his eye, "I should think you might practice piety with all the pomp and vanity that this wicked world dresses it up in."
"What are you driving at, Withers?"

"At a stone wall, it seems, since you can't un-derstand. I was never much of a church or chapel-going fellow myself, and didn't pretend to be, and I'm not more so now; but I'd lay an even but that your plety and mine wouldn't make a bad couple in a race. I think they'd come in pretty equal in the long run.

Mr. Carmichael did not answer. Mr. Withers's locubrations decidedly fretted him, but he had his own reasons for wishing to keep on friendly terms with him. Had it suited him at that espe-cial moment to quarral, he would most assuredly have lost no time in turning him out of the house. But it did not suit him, so he re-mained silent, and awaited Mr. Withera's next

speech.
"Jack Gresford was a good looking fellow,
"Daugh he was years and a sensible one, too. Though he was years younger than we were, Hugh, I don't know any one whose opinion I'd sooner have taken in any matter of business."

" How cleverly he managed that business for you! How he got the note into his own hands, and paid the money down for it, and then destroyed it before our eyes. You'd have been a ruined man if it hadn't been for that You'd never have been settled down here. Why, you You'd Why, you ought to-

Be quiet, Withers," said Mr. Carmichael, in a voice of suppressed rage; "you're enough to drive one mad. Why do you come down to a man's house and bring up old scores in that way? "
"One can't help moralising when one looks

back and sees how different things might have been. Here are you, surrounded by every comfort and with lots of money and with lots of credit; and here am I, a poor fellow who never made a slip of your sort, as poor as a church mouse.

hurch mouse.

Mr. Carmichael sprang up.

Mr. Carmichael sprang up.

" 1'll have no more of this!

"I don't mean any offence. Hugh: but when I see you up so high and I'm down so low in the world, I can't help having a fling at Fortune

and her tricks."
"I saved and you spent," suggested Mr. Carmichael

"Not exactly, I hadn't it to save as you had.
Yours came in in the lump, mine in waifs and

"Are you married, Withers?"
"My wife is dead."

" Have you any children?"
" None."

Would fifty pounds be of any use to you?" " It would."

"Well, I'm willing to give that to an old friend if he's willing to remain one."

"Then you'll stay at Green Oake whilst you're in this neighborhood?"

"Thank you, Hugh; my purse len't so heavy but that I shall be glad to mve ir. I'll come, and you may depend upon me. And how about Jack Gresford; am I to see him or not? Won't it be awkward?"

"You're not likely to see him unless you go to church, which, judging from bygones, you're not very likely to do."

Mr. Withers laughed.

"Besides," continued Mr. Carmichael, "he's going up to London to morrow or the next day. His wife died about a fortnight since,

"Then he did marry?" interrupted Mr. Withers. "Yes. He went to the Brazils after he turned up in that wonderful manner, when everyone thought he had been dead for more than a year; there be married a Spanish lady, a poor delicate

there be married a Spanish lady, a prov delicate creature, and they came over to Eegland about eight years ago, when old Mr. Lynn died and left Jobn Greaford the property."

"I never heard that he did turn up; I thought he was in his grave long ago. It's years since I left the colonies, and I never hear anything about the folks there now. If Nelly had lived he'd have married her, I suppose," said Mr. Withers.

"Very likely," returned Mr. Carmichael.
And a softer gleam passed over his countenance, the first that had lighted it up since the arrival of Mr. Withers. Had he then any lingering spark of feeling? Could the memory of a dead one have an influence on his cold nature? Perhaps it might, perhaps he felt some degree of gratitude to her for whose sake his guilty business transaction had been sake his guilty business transaction had been

covered.

There is a skeleton in every house, says the There is a skeleton in every house, says the old proverb: might it not go further and say, a skeleton in every heart? This was Mr. Carmichael's skeleton. He had lost sight of it for years, he had buried it and placed a great stone over it, but at the sight of John Gresford the tomb had burst open, and the skeleton was raised to life. Time was again producing some effect in re-burying it, when at the appearance of James Withers it sgain rose up stronger than ever, and confronted its master. There was but one way in which to lay it, and that was not in ever, and confronted its master. There was but one way in which to lay it, and that was not in Mr. Carmichael's nature,

He had been a bitter enemy of John Gres-ford's, and in the benefit conferred his hatred was in no whit abated. His dishonanty had not hurt his conscience so much as his respectable lity; he mourned over it, but did not repent of it; mourned over it as an unlucky step, and wished it had turned out differently. The com-mission of the act was a matter of little weight with him, but he would have given worlds if John Greeford had not known of it. It was but the once; his business affairs had been since then carried on most creditably, and yet those years of good conduct and good fortune had not laid the spectre.

There was but one way in which he could east it from him, and that one way it was not in Mr. Carmichael's nature to take. Why did he not go straight to John Greeford and throw off the weight that oppressed him? Why not have said, "John Greeford, I am sorry for the past; it has been repented of."

But he was too proud to humble himself before one whom he had tried to injure in other ways. He was too proud to ask forgiveness for those injuries. He could not so humiliate him-

Humiliate! How little men understand humiliation, if they deem the confession of wrong-doing humiliates them. A pardon asked is often a debt honestly paid, and a noble nature will impulaively ask it, where a cowardly and

will impulsively ass. it, where a cowardly and mean one chrinks from such a reparation.

Therefore Mr. Carmichael's skeleton tormented him, and therefore he tolerated Mr. Withers; not that he feared Mr. Withers in this matter, for he knew him to be a good-natured fellow, who would not do him an ill turn for old ac qualitance sale. And though no harm might come of it, is would be as well to keep him from

meeting with John Greeford.

So Mr. Carmichael decided, and he managed matters to his satisfaction until just upon the eye of Mr Withern's departure.

Misfortunes never come singly-so thought

Carmichael. Had he been in the habit of studying the lassics that reposed in such handsome ings upon his bookshelves, he would have com pared himself with Epimethus, just presented

with Pandora's bex. But as Mr. Carmichael was not classical and had never heard of Epimethus, the simile did not present itself to his mind, therefore he was con-

tented to consider himself as one of the most unlucky men that ever lived. He was annoyed beyond measure,—nothing could have happened so unfortunately. Why could be not be left in peace at Green Oake? It was an out-of-the-way

place enough.

Mr. Carmichael had forgotten that there are no out-of-the way places in the world now; scarce a place where a man can lose his iden-tity; scarce a place where some one will not turn up, linking him with the great chain of so ciety from which he wishes to sever himself. Impossible i he can't enspit. The great cable winds itself round the world, it stretches and tightens at the same moment, for as it increases it draws closer together, until like a network it takes in the whole mass of humanity.

And therefore Mr. Carmichael could not get rid of the links that still kept him in connection with the chain, and which, though broken, were being patched up again. He could not free him self, struggle as he would; for a subtler power which men call Destiny, was at work, and was twisting him into the cord he had tried to un-twist himself from. The Fates were weaving their web, and the warp and woof were getting into knots and tangles. Was Mr. Carmichae skillful enough to keep the fabric smooth

Why had this consternation select upon him? It was caused by the unexpected return Mr. Chester, who had not started so early for the Continent as he had intended, and now, having a few days to spare, had turned his steps towards Green Oake

Mr. Carmichael devoutly wished he had turn ed them anywhere else, but he did not say so. On the contrary, he invited Mr. Chester to stay at Green Oake, and Mr. Chester accepted the

What will be think of Mr. Withers I wot der ?" was Aunt Lotty's inward meditation.

Perhaps Mr. Carmichael's meditations coin cided with those of his wife. If so, they shaped themselves from thought into action, for Mr Carmichael suddenly announced that he was going over to Winstowe, and wished to take

Mr. Withers, not caring for ladies' society, and having likewise had his meditations, and having arrived at the conclusion that the new was nothing loth to accept the imprompts offer And so the two departed

Doris gave a sigh of relief. ' How delightful !"

Aunt Lotty of course not being in the room

Chester turned to Joyce. "Have you been dreaming much lately, Miss Jayce looked up in wonder. Daris laughed.

That is just like Gabriel."
What do you mean, Doris?"

Why, your thoughts have gone wandering as they often do, and Gabriel has found it out.

But I wish you'd find out more, Gabriel, for
Joyce is dreaming a story, and I can't make out
what it is about. I believe it's all in her diary,
but I'm not to read that till I'm quite an old woman, and that's a long time to wait. Can't ad out the plot for me

"Perhaps I might if I were Odin, and had souple of wonderful ravens to collect informa

"Who were the ravens ?"

"Hugo and Mumin, Thought and Memory. Hugo would perch on Miss Dormer's shoulder and penetrate the secrets of her brain, whilst Mumin would remember everything that lingo revealed, and bring it home to me at night, and I could tell you in the morning. But you see could tell you in the morning. my unassisted powers won't enable me to do this, and these wonderful birds died out with

What strange fancies those old world per

ple had; and yet the birds have a curious poetic meaning about them," said Doris. Yee, it was the way with the old world peo conocits are very beautiful

" And to idealize facts also, was it not?" said Joyce. "I have often thought that our mythe are but a figurative rendering of mind and matter. A fact was figuratively dressed, and then the idealization grew into fact again, until the fact that gave it being was lost, and its new form become an accepted truth."

"Lord Bacon had the same sort of idea," re-

plied Mr. Chester, "that every Greek myth. people would take the pains to decipher it, but the typification of some phase of nature. was the genius of the early nations to idealize this way; a sort of struggle out of the chaos se in which the growing mind found teelt, the effort of an u with impulsive intuitions. See how the Gothi soul explained to itself the wonders of creation and called up in sublime superstition giants tating storm and the fierce wind : whilst greattions rose the sun god to send peace and plent upon the earth. But what has all this to do wit he point we started from-Miss Dormer's day dream, or story that she is dreaming?

Joyce looked deprecatingly at Poris, but Doris took no heed of her.

Who is the hero or heroine?" asked Mr

I cannot make out," said Doris, possibly be Uncle Carmichael, and I'm certain it is not you. The story must be some sort of a personifying of ideas until a group of living eracters moves around her brings up nixies and water nymphs, for she has made a good deal of it up whilst we

What nonsense you are talking, Doris!"

'Not at all; you confessed to a story."
'Doris does not understand," said Joyce, a pealing to Mr. Cheeter; "one lives in a ta metimes, besides living one's actual daily life. "I don't know," interrupted Doris; "I think ometimes what you call the actual life is no

half so real as the one lived within one's self. We are getting metaphysical," said M: Cheeter. "How many lives are you going give to people "

"I should give two," said Jorce.
"I should give three," said Doris.
"I should give one," said Mr. Chester. "Well, Miss Dormer !

"An outer and an inner life," said Jorce, answer; "the one we are compelled to live, the other we make for ourselves."
"Hum! doubtful," responded Mr. Chester Now, Doris.

actual life, by which I mean living at by outward circumstances, perform ing a daily routine; then the mind, then the

You put mind and soul together, Miss Por

mer?" said Mr. Chester, turning to her.
"I did so, but perhaps I might divide them

like Doris, for the two may be separated; though I had considered the two as making up the inner life."
"What is the soul?"

"The immortal part."
"And the mind?" The intelligent thinking part."

"Does not the soul think, act, receive, and is not intelligent?"

Joyce looked a little punzled.

"All people," said she, after a moment's heal have a soul."

"But all have not mind; a lunatic, for in Would not that prove the existence of two dis

'Is his soul responsible in such a case ?"

"Why not?"

Because there is no mind to influence it."

' Is he accountable for his actions

Therefore he is not a perfect being; for no one of those three elements that Doris calls lives is acting its individual part, is capable of maintaining what Doris would call a life irre-spective of the others. For a perfect being there must be an union of the three elements to make one perfect life. I prefer your theory of the two lives, Miss Dormer, though that can only be carried out to a certain extent; for our life can never be insensible to outer.

It is influenced by the outer life, and cannot have an entirely separate existence. Joy and sorrow do not arise in our hearts of them selves. Thoughts even are suggestions of the outer life, no inner life being independent of ex

You tie me down a little too closely, Mr Chester. All I meant was that one might lead a very matter-of fact quiet life, and yet in the inner life be living a sort of story."

"You don't tie me down, though, Gabriel, for I believe in my three lives still," said Doris. Mr. Chester smiled.

You want the three to make one, Doris; the one won't divide into three

"You never believe in anything, Gabriel, I

"Don't I: but go on with Miss Dormer's story."
"As far as I can make out, it is this :- Once

upon a time two princesses came to an enchanted castle: a giant was the owner of it, but I can't teli you his name. He was an exceedingly dreadful giant, and if it had not been for his wife he would have been unbearable. He did not drink barrels of mead and eat whole oxen, but he made every one around afraid of him I'm sure of the story so far, but the part I can' make out is what is going to happen to the two princesees, for Joyce won't let out the plot." "And I'm not to be the hero?"

" No, she does not appreciate you sufficiently,

Mr. Chester look at Joyce, but he could not see her face, for it was half-turned away; she felt very much vexed with Doris.

May I ask wherein I have offended ?" asked

Mr. Chester.
Joves turned round.

"You must not believe what Doris says.

"You must not believe what Doris says. I hope I do every one justice."

"There," said Doris, "that is just what I object to; people are for evertalking of justice, and justice is such a poor beggarly element in this world's creed. It means allowing just as much as you're obliged to, and not an ator over. I hope no one will ever do me justica I'd much rather they wouldn't."

"What would you have more than justice Doris?" asked Mr. Chester.

"I'm not talking about justice as it ought to be, perhaps; but justice as it is. In fact, don't believe there is any at all, and I quite b lieve in the old story, that justice left the earth in the golden ages, and that now she only look. upon it from alar, or pays it a hasty visit not and then. She never stays very long, not feel ing at home here."

"Then you would appeal to Miss Dormer"

Then you would appeal to Miss Dormer's mercy in my behalf, and pray her to make me a hero in the story."
"I believe," said Doris, suddenly, "that Mr.

Withers is part of the story: he is an ogre who could tell about the giant comething that he does not want known.

Joyce started. And here to her relief Aunt Lotty came into the room, and so the conversation turned upon

different subjects. And at night Jorce took out her diary and

I can't help thinking that there is something what Dorie says, else why should Mr. Carm ael be so attentive to such a man? Besides low anxious he is to prevent his conversing There is another thing I can' with any one. make out-he does not seem to mind about M

Chester's being with Doris now. It can't beno-Mr. Chester cares as much for Doris as ever and Doris seems even fonder of him. I can' make it out I'm eure I heard Mr. Carmichael tell Mr. Withers that Doris was his brother's daughter It might have been a slip for sister, but I think

not; for I looked at him at the moment, and I'm sure he went just the least bit in the world ed; and that's a very unusual thing for Mr

Perhaps, after all, he may have a little cor But certainly his statements do no agree with one another.

I have been lecturing Daris for all that she said this afternoon to Mr. Chester; but I make no impression upon her. She says she shall not rest until I thoroughly appreciate him. I'm surwill be his coming as a shadow between us.

Oh, Boris, Doris! if you could only see wha you are doing, you would be sorry for you It's easier to do than to undo; and don't want to get envious and jealous. whatever happens, I trust that no jealousy will ever enter my heart. It's the one thing above all others I scorp. I can suffer anything; bu let me keep myself from this meanness of soul

Ah! how foolish I am. There is Doris look

ing more lovely than ever; like a fragile spiri moving about. What a lovely creature she is-so impulsive, so thoughtless! I could see Mr He spoke to Chester watching her all the time. me about the packet again, and made me pro-mise to write if any need should arise.

"I can't understand about this fortune that to come to Doris," said he. "Mr. Carmichael ells me he must get some information from Aus ralia before he can proceed further in the mat-er. He says he has all his evidence ready, and that it is clear and decisive; that he thinks there will be no difficulty."

"I don't understand him," I said.
"Neither do I," returned Mr. Chester. "He's some interest himself in the matter; for though he would naturally be anxious to secure a fe tune for his niece, yet there's an eagerness and an air of triumph about him that I cannot comprebend.

" He cannot want the money for himself." is only my aunt and himself." "No, I don't think it is money," replied Mr.

heaser, thoughtfully.
"Have you any idea from whom this money

No, I never heard Mrs. Carmichael speak of her husband. I believe my mother knew the whole story, but she never said anything about All I know is, that she was in Australia a the time of her husband's death; he died or wa killed in an expedition up the country. Carmichael remained there three months after warde, and then set sail for England; but the vescel met with a storm two or three days ou and went down. Only a few managed to get Mrs. Carmichael only Doris and herself were saved. They were picked up by a Spanish vessel and taken to Lisbon, whence after grea hardships she succeeded in making her way to England with her daughter. She seemed to have no relatives but this one brother; there fore I cannot imagine where this property is to

Perhaps, I thought, Mr. Withers may know comething about it, and that is why Mr. Carmi chael and he have been over to Winstowe; bu I did not mention it to Mr. Chester. I don't know why, but I had a dislike to his thinking Withers could in any way be mixed up

in our family affairs. I know Mr. Chester must think him a ver

odd person. Aunt Litty thinks so too.
"My dear," she said to me, "I wish som
one could tell Mr. Chester that Mr. Withers ha never been at Green Oake before, and that had never heard of him until the other day. some blunder over it.

So I was glad to see that Aunt Lotty had m views; for if one doubts one's own wisdom, is a comfort to think that others can be equal

A preacher in Richmond is now under oing the slow torment of a church trial on charge of having promised to marry twelve di erent women, five of them named Mary.

Five women are editors of papers ows. Women has some of her "writes"

An Englishman, Eastman, by name, he introduced a novelty in the way of printing or dyed sike. It consists in printing an "elegan" design" in white, blue, mauve, green, or gold color on any dyed silk, givings it all the appear ance of new, and obviating the existing objecti to plain dyed silk.

ADLITUATION OF COFFEE .—The report of the Inland Revenue states that the unscrupulous portion of the dealers in coffee, finding that an unlawful profit could no longer be obtained by the sale of chicory, have resorted to the use of another article much better suited for the adulteration of coffee than even chicory itself and through which the success of more than on of the now "eminent" firms in the coffee trad was established. The adulterant is known in the trade as "finings," but is simply burnt sugar or caramel, and has only about one third th

value of duty-paid coffee.

The main building of the Universal Ex position in Paris is said to resemble "a gigantic brown tub," and to have been christened by the

Emperor a "gasometer. The London Review, speaking of Judge Holmes's book on the "Authorship of Shak speare," remarks that "even if Shakspeare, after all, did not write Shakspeare—which we see no reason to bolieve—it is pretty certain that Bacon was not the author. He had not sufficient geality of nature for such performances, an what we know of his verse-writing is singular for its baidness and want of metre.

An enthusiastic Millerite at Providence who fancied that the millenium was nea at hand, recently arrayed himself in a white garment, remarkable only for its scantiness, and with a red candle and white flag, stationed him-self in the window of his hotel, exhorting the passers by, and waiting for his translation. He was twice interrupted by the police, and finally taken to the insane asylum.

At Rock Hill, South Carolina, on Satur lay, a woman became mother of five pounds o daughter; forty-two hours after, five and three quarter pounds more of daughter resulted simultaneously succeeded" by eight pounds nd four ounces of son, all to the delight (? a father more than seventy years old. doing well." Few have done better.

The Vineations of Sound and Color.—
The deepest note which the human ear perceive as a continuous sound, it is said, is produced by vibrations a second; the most acute by 4 vibrations. The extremes of color, it is said are red and violet, the former being given b vibrations of light per second

and the latter by 727,000,000 000 vibrations. wealthy and eccentric Englishman illiam Derby, seven feet tall and broad in pro portion, residing at Vienna, fell recently and fa-tally injured his skull. During the interval of four days before his death he sold his body to museum of natural history, and received the

The Springfield (Ill.) Register says ural couple were spliced in a dry goods store of hat city on the 21 inst., permission to use the premises for the purpose having been accorded hem by the proprietor, on the principle tha "weddings are certain, sooner or later, to pro-duce a briskness in the dry goods business."

ounty Court has withdrawn the right gran ed the street railroad company to use steam in pro-pelling their cars. The "dummy" engines worked well, but scared teams continually,

causing great annoyance and some mischief.

Here is a story about the North German ione: A coachman of Stettin was asked by his wife which of the candidates he had voted I don't know," was the reply, "as the roting was secret." On being pressed to explain what he meant by secret voting, he added voting was secret." that each voter got his voting paper in a sealed envelope, which he had put into the voting ur ithout reading its contents.

The Independent says that Commodore derbilt holds one certificate covering one undred thousand shares, more than half entire stock of the Hudson River Railroad. This is probably the most valuable piece of engraved

SATURDAY BURNING POST.

PHILADELPHIA. SATURDAY, MARCH 30, 1867.

OUR NOVELETS. We beeneak attention to our new novelet

which we think will be a worthy successor to

the greatly admired story of "Hearts Errant," It is called, JOYCE DORMER'S STORY;

BY JEAN BONCGUR-

and will run through a number of papers. We are glad to find that our novelets, stories, &c.,

are giving so much satisfaction to our readers. We are still able to supply back numbers to the first of January, containing the whole of Mr. Bennett's deeply interesting novelet, "The Outlaw's Daughter."

NAPOLEON III.

There is some reason to believe that the Rev John S. C. Abbott, to whom we are indebted for the glowing "Life of Napoleon II," designs giving us a history of Napoleon III. At least he is said to be in Paris collecting materials to that end, and to have received the thanks of the Emperor in advance. As we take it these are thanks put out at rich interest. It is an ex cellent plan to get in the good graces of one's biographer, and the panegyrist of the uncle may safely be thanked by the nephew. But will it do to trust a biography—written

from materiale collected during the man's life and under his eye, by a hand accustomed to throw roses in the track of a Napoleon, its good report shrewdly taken for granted—to the faith of posterity? There is reason to believe that the future will have its questions to ask, its knotty problems to propound. Under many a deep stratum of state papers and official documents, on which no impartial eye can hope to fall, lies buried much of the life of the French Emperor. The history of such a man is scat numperor. The nistory of such a man is scat-tered over the world and by no one hand nor in no one year can it be gathered. Musty rows of figures hidden in deep pigeon boles, here a stray bit of confidence, there the inking of a motive, a strange array of fragmente, by them selves of no moment, yet of such stuff is the true web of history woven. We doubt not Mr. Abbott will paint his hero rose color; many of us might paint him of inky hue; and yet per

haps neither do justice to the man. The world does not lack biographics, yet wha does it really know of its great men? Who shall venture to assert the truths and errors of these biographical notices? It has been remarked that "In Fiction all is true but names and dates, in History all false but names and dates," and, it

ight be added, these not above question. Yet Truth is hard to be concealed. Though a man take it into the grave with him it is at last reach the upper air in good or evil wit-ness against its concealer. In these days there is a wonderful opening of old seals, the idols of tradition are being called to account, the favo-rites of history bidden to prove their claim to the world's good opinion. It is pleasant to think that great men have lived and done great deeds and it appears pure vandalism to strike thus at the roots of the world's worship, to doubt its emblems of virtue. Can it be that William Tell. the valiant Switzer—who shot the apple from his son's head, and boidly hid a second arrow for the tyrant Gesler—is as mythical a per sonage as King Arthur and his Round Table o errant knights? Must we doubt the romantic story of Romulus and Remus, the valiant fight of the Horatii, the grand sacrifice of Virginius,

and many another rare Roman tradition ! Richard III. was not of the color which Shak-speare has painted him, Queen Mary not half so black as she appears in the Protestant annals nor Luther as the Catholic records would have him. Carlyle gives a more acceptable picture of Cromwell than that hitherto offered; yet is his indiscriminate hero-worship deifies more than one eccentric son of Genius. Later we have the romantic story told of himself by Captain John Smith shrewdly questioned, and the deeds and fate of Joan of Arc brought to the touch-stone of doubt. The age we live in sits like a chemist at his crucible, throwing in the pas bit by bit, and putting all history to the severest tests. At! that it would shut those terrible eyes which can see only flaws and imperfections open them wide enough fully to discern fact

and expose error. The earth does not grow demigods, though nen of great physical or mental stature are apt like Hercules and all that crew of mighty pagan to be deified, their faults forgotten, their emblazoned. We see their deeds only, and these looming larger and larger through the mist of time; their motives are lost forever, and without the motives we know not the man. A true biography will deal largely in thoughts, plans, and motives, for deeds are frequently an inex tricable mixture of design and accident, and soldier's reputation may be made or marred by the movements of a chance over which he has no control. It may need greater genius to dis criminate between chance and design than to fight battles; success is apt to blind us all to the helping hand of circumstance; and only when we find a great man thanking Providence for its aid, or like Napoleon I. depending on his star, can we know that he has doubts as to his own su preme ability.

The present Napoleon has a mixed record, and one open to various interpretations Italian war ended with a vague dread in Europe that a greater than his uncle had arisen, nephew who knew both how to win and when to stop, too wise to overmuch humble a foe or aggrandize a friend, anowing that in this mutab orld foes may become useful, friends prove faithless. The Crimean war ended with a strop suspicion that England had been made the tool of a shrewd diplomatist, who had used the paws of the British lion to pull his chestnuts of the fire. By dint of taciturnity and oracular utterances, full of a vague meaning which no one could interpret, balancing himself as adroitly as a symnast on the unsteady level of European politics, he has managed to keep the surrounding nations in a ferment of expectation. shrewdest, if he depends on policy to the exclu sion of principle, may overreach himself, and the world is rapidly coming to the opinion that it may be a very small fire from which all this emoke arises. Recent events have hastened this conclusion. He attempted to keep one foot on the neck of Italy under the guise of pro-tector, forgetting that a recently manumitted people would not tamely bear to have a link of its chain held ever before its eyes. He sought to assume the guise of protector of a weak mo-narchy in Mexico, failing to perceive the vigor of the American covernment, committee on the of the American government, counting on the downfall of the great Western Republic. He would have negotiated with Bismarck for a share of the spoils, but while amusing himself with speculations on the natural boundaries of France, the energetic Prussian ended his war. pocketed Germany, and left his would-be ally out in the cold.

out in the cold.

The French people are impatient of military failure. Blunders for which a parliament may be forgiven will not be excused in a military emperor. All is not quiet in France. There are hard thoughts and open utterances. Bold men are picking holes in the whole policy of Namical according to the state of the property of Napoleon, exposing cobwebs where all seemed cloth of iron. Policy may serve for a time. Principle is the only stuff that has gold in its grain, and will wear brighter by all the attrition of time and circumstance. The present senti-ment of the statesmen of France is perhaps most wittily and boldly displayed in the mot attributed to Prince Napoleon: has deceived France twice; in 1848 by making her believe Lim a fool; in 1866 by making her believe him a genius."

INFORMATION WANTED.

MR. EDITOR OF THE POST: - Will you be so kind as to inform me, through the the receipt column of your invaluable paper, the most economical substitute for raw or boiled oil to be used for mixing paints for store and [Can any one answer the above query?—Ed. Post.]

OLD CHRIST CHURCH .- We have received a old Christ Church.—We have received a fine photograph of Christ Church—one of the oldest, if not the oldest church in this city. It was founded in 1695, in the reign of William the Second; and rebuilt in 1727. This photograph was taken from a model of the church, and is dedicated by the photographer, Mr. Hover, to the Rev. Dr. Dorr, the excellent and highly respected Rector. Published by J. E. Hover, 416 liace St., Philada.

NEW PUBLICATIONS. ANNOUNCEMENT. Mesers. D. Appleton & Co., of New York, have issued a Prospectus of a Comprehensive Dictionary of the Bible. Mainly abridged from Dr. Wm. Smith's Dictionary of

the Bible; with Important Additions and Im-provements, and five hundred Illustrations Dr. Smith's Dictionary of the Bible, published in 1860-63, and containing, in its three large octavo volumes, nearly 3,200 pages, is a work of acknowledged excellence; but its size, cost, or acknowledged excellence; but its size, cost, and scholarly character, must prevent any extensive circulation of it among the great mass of those who desire and need a Dictionary of the Bible. The "Comprehensive Dictionary," on which nearly two years of editorial labor have already been expended, owes its origin to a settled conviction on the part of the Editor and Publishers, of the need of such a modified abridgement of the original work as should make the results of modern scholarship generally ac-

The Editor, Rev. Samuel W. Barnum, M. A., is well known among the graduates of Yale College as an accurate and thorough scholar. His dence in 1845-'7, as the principal assistant of the late Prof. Goodrich, in the revision of Webster's Dictionary (unabridged and royal octavo editions), made him familiar with the details of lexicography; and his subsequent labors as an official expounder of the Scriptures, gave him a practical acquaintance with the wants of the people in the field of Biblioal knowledge.

The Dictionary will be issued in semi-mont numbers of 48 royal octavo pages each. The whole work will probably be concluded in about 22 numbers. Price of each number, in a neat paper cover, \$0 cents. THE RICH HUSEAND. A Novel. By Mrs. J. H. RIDDELL, author of "George Geith," "The Race for Wealth," &c. Published by T. B.

Race for Wealth," &c. Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros, Philadelphia.

Ecce Drus, Essays on the Life and Doctrine of Jesus Christ. With Controversial Notes on "Ecce Homo." Published by Roberts Brothers, Boston; and also for sale by Smith, English & Co., Philadelphia.

The National Graphysic Rayley March.

THE NATIONAL QUARTERLY REVIEW. March. 1867. Published by E. I. Sears, New York. James K. Simon, Agent, 29 South Sixth street, Philadelphia. MONTHLY REPORT OF THE DIRECTOR OF THE

BURKELU OF STATISTICS, Treasury Department.
Prepared by Alex Delmar, Director, and published by the Treasury Department. This report includes tables of Imports and Exports, Current Prices of Labor, and other valuable A WOMAN KILLED BY THE EXPLOSION OF

KITCHEN RANGE.-An accident, attended with fatal results, occurred, lately, near Brechin, Scotland. A servant had lit a fire in a range. Scotland. A servant had lit a fire in a resorted the boiler had been empty, and, owing to the late freets, the water in the feeding pipe was and an explosion took place. The whole of the range was torn out, the roof of the kitchen blown off, and the door and windows of the wing were destroyed. The woman was severely injured, and was thrown on the floor. Then her clothes caught fire, but she managed to get to the snow at the door, and roll herself in it so as to extinguish the flames. Some men. passing afterward got assistance, and medical gentlemen were summoned from Brechin; but the woman died a few description. gentlemen were summoned from the woman died, a few days after.

The Denver News understands that Fort Saunders, on Salt Lake road, this side of the North Platte, is blessed with a commander exercises supreme control of matters in region. He confiscates property, punishes of-fences committed by civilians, and the other day

granted a divorce between man and wife. The hens of all kinds of gailinaceous as Ayleebury, Rouen, and others, 28 days; geese 30 to 35 days; Guinea fowls, 28 to 80 days;

turkeys, 28 days; peahens, 28 to 30 days. During the recent flood in Arkansas, a coung man was drowned while trying to rescue his sister, who had taken refuge from the waters on the top of her house. He swam towards the house on horseback, but when almost within reach, the horse sank and both perished in her sight. She was re house three days. She was rescued after remaining on the

South American Civilization.

WRITTEN POR THE SATURDAY SYREIDS PORT, BY COSMO.

POMP AND POURATY-SINGULAR ASSOCIATIONS-VILLA ALMENDRAL - FRUITFUL AVENUES BRILLIANT EQUESTRIANS-YABREE SPANIARD -A PALACE HOTEL

At Tambobamba one finds him or herse continually wondering at everything, animate and inanimate—everything is an object of won-der. First, the city itself, if indeed it is entitled

der. First, the city itself, if indeed it is entitled to the name of city, is a wonder.

Approaching from the north, we came to a community of houses, every alternate one of which was a Peruvian palace, and its next door neighbor a wretched hovel of bamboo basket work, daubed with mud, the roef of palm leaves, doors and windows, or shutters closing unglazed holes, were made of mats, and floors, where the bare ground did not serve such purpose, composed of bamboo pounded down flat and laid in parallel layers, making the surface resemble an immense wash board. The furnishing of all these huts was essentially the same, making the interior economy as close a resemmaking the interior economy as close a resem-blance as the exterior architecture. A fair in-ventory of household furniture in one of these lower order residences will serve for all, and

show a list as follows:
A rough cradle, made of a section of over grown bamboo, serving also to mix bread in and feed fowls out of. A bare earthen space in one corner, with half a dozen cobble stones in the centre to set cooking utensils on, an iron pot two copper stew pans, four or five gourd shells, and a dozen or so red unglazed, dingy, greasy and a dozen or so red unglazed, dingy, greasy earthen pots to serve all purposes of eating, drinking and washing. That inventory completes the cooking corner. Around the walls are slung from two to twelve rude grass hammocks, according to the size of the family. Centrally located and occupying a third of the entire interior space, stands a curiously ecntrived ten-legged hamboo table, breast high to a six feet tail person, comfortably constructed to prevent dogs from dining ad libitum with the human portion of the family. Then there are human portion of the family. Then there are four tall tubs, made of sections of largest bam-boo-one, near the door, holding water for drinking, cooking, washing, &c.; two covered, in a corner, containing bread, meat, fruit, eggs and vegetables, mixed in promiscuously; the fourth tub standing conspicuously uncovered in the front space between the door and table, serving as a "save all" for every description of filth, as well as a common convenience in the way of water closed by night and day for the entire family, standing there openly on duty at all times, and emptied of its odorous contents when full to overflowing, and a last necessity compelled a removal of the domestic deposits. Comments are unnecessary. No great stretch of imagination is required to afford one a very correct conception of the pleasure of a visit to the interior of one of these hovels during a hot day, filled with all sizes and both sexes of humanity, dividing the small space with poultry, pigs, pup-pics—swarming with ticks, fleas, bugs, and that odious order of parasite, "gray backs," that forms so close an attachment to humanity and "atickets close an attachment to numenty and "atickets closer than a brother;" and, most conspicuous among all, the great bamboo nosegay standing everlastingly in the fore front and offering always the first and warmest welcome.

Coming to the next door establishment we find it usually a tall two-storied structure of fine

e, so artistically plastered over with a beau-clear clay cement, that it looks very like pure Italian marble, and the whole front so elaborately wrought in filagree fancy work, that it more resembles a copy of Michael Angelo's miraculous "doors" than the surface of a simple

adobe dwelling.
In front there are light artistic balconies of delicats bamboo work at each story, these or-namentally roofed and provided with latticed jalousies, that open and close like Venetian blinds, shutting out the sun, admitting the re-freshing breeze, often perfumed with pungent ammoniacal odors from the privados in adjoining huts; salubrious 'tis said to those accustome to it, but strongly suggestive of sneeze to the uninitiated. Within these balconies hang convenient hammoeks, inviting a swinging smoke of the cigaretta and comfortable after dinner

The interiors of most of these aristocratic Peruvian palaces present a completeness of ap-pointments rivalling in luxury that of the na-bobs of Lims and Callao. Rich furniture of rare woods, in satin, damask and royal velvet, luxurious lounges, immense mirrors, paintings, many of them of much merit, books, music, flowers and beautiful singing birds in fancy gilded cages, make up in the aggregate a parlor paradise, so vividly in contrast with the squalid wretchedness on either hand, that wonder at

ich incongruities becomes a forced sensation.
This peculiar order of habitations lines both sides of two broad avenues about three-quarters of a mile in length, that cross at right angles sides with adobe stables for the shelter of horses and other domestic animals, the property of the proprietors of the palaces. Along these last avenues there are no human habitations, though the stables are all infinitely superior to the mud huts so near neighbors to the aristocratic ave-

A few inquiries soon solved us the riddle of this singular feature of South American Civiliza-Originally the settlers of this queer four avenued city came from the Spanish Basque provinces, each one of the wealthy hidalgo families bringing with them, as man and maid servants, a poor family who had served in a like capacity at home, housing them in the manner we have seen conveniently beside them, so that they had all their in and outdoor servants dependently housed within call and hutted out by themselves. In the course of time these poor dependents became literally peons, gradually sinking lower and lower in the social scale, until in the present we find them absolute and abject slaves to their next door neighbors, utterly de pendent upon them for everything but the air they breathed, and even that would be infinitely better supplied at second hand from their st

These Basque nabobs were in every instance families of considerable wealth-sort of Peru vian millionaires, having most of them large

sums invested in mining and mercantile opera-tions, which brought in princely revenues.

The avenues were such only by courtesy, and their markings on either side by the lines of buildings being filled in along their entire length

figs and tamarinds, all in profuse bearing, pre-senting a wilderness of inviting shade and ban-quets of luscious, tempting fruits. The two broadways running north and south terminated abrophly at their southern extremities in a tangle of broad-leaved giant cactus, also, plantain and agave trees, all draped and wound up in ba-bouls, and vines of a decar variaties of wild ouks, and vines of a dozen varietie hours, and vince of a dozen variences of white melons and gourds, making a mass of impenetrable jungle, among which gleamed in the bright sunlight the tin cled towers and domes of Tambobamba's eatherral and five pretentions churches, the nearest of which was a good league distant, though the singular Barque town to test to subject the distant, and the state of the distant. was itself a suburb of the city, called, however, Villa Almendral, and separated from the city proper by three miles of wild jungle.

Between the two avenues was a well beate road, out in unnecessary curved lines through the intervening brush wood; and along this route, after leaving the Almendral, we were riding at a lazy walk in promiscuous order, our bug hunter's bride, Arline Essling, Marseden and myself happening to be the leading platoon of the cavalcade, when we were brought to a sud-den rein up at about half way between the suburb and the city.

Ambling at an easy canter down the road came a couple of equestrians, superbly mounted and so picturesque in costume that we involun-tarily drew up in admiration and waited their approach. One was a remarkably fine looking middle aged man, very dark skinned even for a Spanish Peruviau, but handsome in features graceful in action, and controlling his spirited horse with consummate address. His costume somewhat fantastic, but pretty nevertheless, wa broad brimmed beaver sombrero, black, loope up over the left eye, with a gold medallion se with jewels and bearing the arms of Peru. broad gold band and green plume completed the ornamental work of the sombrero. The coat, or rather a hussar jacket, was of bright scarlet cloth, gold braided profusely on the breast and alcevee, and further ornamented with four rows of buttons of pure precious metal. fine linen frilled bosom and lace ruftles at the wrists added a cavalier elegance to the upper outfit, while wide legged troweers of fine green cloth, buttoned so closely down the outer seam with Spanish dellars, that the edges of the brigh with Spanish deliars, that the eages of the origin silver discos almost met, neat boots of buff leather and long eilver spurs, with a broad crimson sash, heavily gold fringed and falling below the stirrup, gave to the bandsome Don in his tout queenble much the appearance of a Tartar prince, or a dandy guacha of the La Platen parages.

Platan pampas.

His companion, less fantastic but five times more fascinating, was a lovely, dark Hebe, young and exquisitely graceful, holding in perfect subjection the beautiful, bright black horse she rode en caballiero, with such easy abandon that a glance at her perfect pose made the su perb equestrienne at once the envy and admira

perb equestrience at once the envy and admira-tion of our dashing Di Vernons.

The lady's costume consisted of a very fine, broad-brimmed Panama hat, looped up over the left eye, gold banded and blue plumed like that of the cavalier. A crimson jacket, silver laced and buttoned, fitted her gracefully rounded form like a glove, and from beneath it fell in full folds to the knees a skirt of blue silk velvet buttoned and braided with silver, bright green pan-taloons of glossy satir, daintily ruffled around the bottom with delicate lace, and a pair of neat red morocco boots set off with ornamental silver spurs, made up the outfit of the lovely senora, and made her an admiration point of every one as she gracefully drew up a few paces in front of the head of our halted column. The gentleman advanced nearer, saluted with a welcome "viva!" and then went on with an addr as :-

"Ladies and gentlemen, I am Don Augusts Felipe — Bah! Better begin ship shape—Capt. —Consul—Harry Marsden—my lad,—Have you quite forgotten your fellow townsman—the first skipper ftat you ever hauled a rope under?— Ha! ha! ha!—Don't remember Capt. Phillip Augustus Ford, and the saucy Saladin of verly, the first craft you ever put foot aboard

Weil-upon my word! I'll be blessed! Capt. Harry Mareden shut off there and fell to shaking both hands of his first commander and fellow townsman from "Bean Town," Mass. But Capt. Phillip A. Ford, ex commander of the Saladin, shook off his old friend, and seeing us all agape with wonder, went on to ex-

"Been out here thirteen years, ladies and gentlemen. Had a fancy at home that my color vas better suited to a South American Down East climate. So wife being willing, we all came round to Callao in the Saladin. Sold the brig to the Peruvian Government for just three times her value. That raise, with the four thousand dollars I had before, set me up saug in Callao in the ship chandlery line. Did first rate at that for four years, and then did ten times better by happening to have it in my power to do Gen. Castilla some rather impor service upon three occasions-and when the General came into supreme command of the armies of Peru, he remembered my service, and made a man of me by making me first a colonel of cavalry, then Commissary-General of the Republic, and so he kept on putting me up, until last year he got me up here as—General Au guste Felipe Ford, Provincial Dictator and Mili tary Governor of Tambobamba. Pretty com-fortable berth, and— Ah! I had forgotten. Ladies and gentlemen-permit me to present to you my oldest daughter—Alice—alias Dora Alicia Ford. Go, my dear—ride in and welcome all the ladies-tell them they must come home with us, and have a Yankee Spanish welcome I'll persuade the gentlemen.

"You see, my friends, I knew you were spend-ing a couple of days at Villa Almendral, and learned also that Col. Essling and my ex-cabinboy here—Consul Marsden were of your party. So this moining when some one told me that you were a mind to take the road direct from Villa Almendral to Ariquipa, without coming our way, I said-'Come, Alice-daughter-let us ride over, capture the party and bring them in. So you see you will have to surrender, rescue or no rescue."

That alternative was apparent enough, long before our Yankee Peruvian general had finished his speech Dona Alice had won every woman of them to her will, and they were a eagerly waiting the word to ride.

No one was much surprised by the advent of our cavalcade into Tambobambo, as all had heard of our being at Villa Almendral, but armed and equipped as we were, and the fame of our free female riders, and how they had dth with a continuous forest of fruit traversed half the length of the Andean Range on horseback, having reached these interior Pe-I nut bearing trees, miscellaneously made up on horseback, having reached these interior Pepearance excited in them quite where there is often a false start

as much curicelty as did their singular city and their own peculiar manners and customs in us. There was little opportunity afforded either party, however, for the very intimate indulgence of our mutual curiosity, as respect for the au-gust authority of the Governor-General kept the main mob from a near approach, and the im-patience of our host to have us home with him, introduced to his wife and family, and prepared for dinner, the hour for which was approhurried us on that we had brief space of tim to make observations.

It was certainly a wholesale affair of hospi

tality—the invitation to such a party as ours to feed, lodge, and entertain them all under on But there was ample room in the Pa National, occupied by our military friend as his executive mansion; provisions of all kinds were cheap and abundant; the servant stiff was a strong one, we turned our cooks and all in to assist; and as we carried our own sleeping ac-

The wife of General Ford we found a hand some matronly woman, almost as dark in com-plexion as her husband, and the children—five unger than Alice-three sons and two daugh ters, ranging along downwards from fifteen to fire years, all well bred, good-looking, and in-heriting as they all did the dark skin and brilliant black eyes, with the glossy black hair of both parents, no one would ever have suspected them to be of North American parentage, and the four eldest of New England birth. Indeed the whole family, parents and children, were as perfect types of the handsome better class Spaniards of Granada in Old Spain of mingled Moorish decent, as any of us had ever seen any-where. The children all spoke pure Castilian too as well as English, while in the Spanish of the General there was only a slight accent that would have marked him as a Catalan pro-

Mrs. Ford herself had only acquired so much Spanish as to make her conversation in that language musically amusing; but she had added all the true Spanish woman's grace of manner to her own New England honcety and native goodness of heart and the warm sisterly well come we received at her hands sammed us be-yond all doubt, that during whatever period we might spend beneath her roof we should be enhome. So introduced and welcome, we went to dinner with our countryman, General Auguste Felips Ford-Provincial Dictator and Military Governor of Tambebamba.

The shade trees about our houses have done omething to make our wives pale and feeble is it not enough that our women should have placed between them and the great fountain of light and life elx inches of brick wall without

the addition of twenty feet of green leaves?

Trees ought never to stand near enough to our houses to cast a shade upon them; and if the blinds were removed, and nothing but a curain within, with which to lessen, on the hotte days, the intensity of the heat, it would add reatly to the tone of our nerves and our gene

ral vigor.

The plazzas which project over the lower that inferior to the upper the piazza which project over the lower story always make that inferior to the upper story, especially for sleeping. During my professional career, I cured a great many cases of rheumatism by adviring the patients to leave a bedroom shaded by trees, or a broad piazza, and sleep in a room and a bed which were contrally died and proposed. stantly dried and purified by the direct rays of

the sun.—Dio Lewis.
[Doubtless there is considerable truth in the above, and yet all animals—man included—in-stinctively seek the shade in a hot summer day. Besides, vigor does not altogether depend upon the sun, or else the natives of the torrid zone would surpass in strength those of the temperate, instead of being generally not only weaker, but less ruddy.—Ed. Sat. Eve. Post.]

At a late meeting of the British Inventors' Institute, a Mr. Pouncy, of Dorchester, read a paper on "Sun Painting in Oil Colors," and exhibited various specimens of photographing by a system he recommended. The photographic prints exhibited were on paper, canvas, panels, copper, &c. In the course of some remarks, Mr. Pouncy described the various manipulations connected with the process, explaining them as he proceeded. The sensitive medium used is bitumen of Judea, discolved in turpentine, benzole, or other hydrocarbon, with which is ground up color of any desired tint. is then brushed over a thin sheet of translucent paper and dried in the dark. When dry, the sheet is exposed under a photographic negative to daylight or a strongly actinic artificial light, which hardens or renders insoluble those parts to which the transparent parts of the negative have permitted access of light. After some minutes' exposure to light, the picture is washed in turpentine, benzole, or any other solvent of bitumen. This discolves those portions which have not been affected by the actinic rays, leaving the remainder firmly attached to the paper, in quantity proportional to the amount of light which penetrated the different parts of the negative The picture is now complete, and may be transferred, as in the lithographic process, to cardboard, canvas, wood, stone, & 2.

A Sample of Stage Stang. What queer language is used in theatrical

advertisements! For instance, only look at

WANTED, to Open Immediately, a Few Useful UTILITY LADIES and GENFLEMEN also a Good Juvenile to combine Walking Gentlemen. A Good Private Appearance Indispensable Money sure. To save time state Lowest terms. Natamp. Three days' silence a negative. Stars may write at once. Mr. H. L. will oblige by sending Scrips at once for Easter week's Bus.

" Useful utility" seems rather a redundancy of speech, as much indeed as talking of black negroes, or white snow. And how is "a good juvenile to combine walking gentlemen?" Is he to come behind them siyly, and pin their coat-tails together? If so, we should be apt to call im a bad boy, rather than a good juvenile. Then, how odd it seems to stipulate for a "good private appearance" in an actor, and say no whatever about his public appearance, which certainly must be the more important of the two.

As to what on earth is meant by "sending scrips for Easter week's bue," our with have been so much congested by the cold winter, that we own we are completely at a lose to give a

The course of true love is a race-course

The Paris Hotels.

Unlike American hotels, those in Paris have no direct entrance from the street; no spacious corridors and apartments in which gentlemen may lounge and smoke, and stare at pretty wo men on the sidewalk. The carriage containing the guest to the Hotel du Louvre is driven under an arch into the large, square court-yard, flanked on all sides by the hotel itself. This court-yard is covered over on a level with the roof of the buildings with glass, so as to admit the light while it keeps out the rain.
On the ground floor, and opening upon the

sidewalk of the court-yard, are various offices in which the business of the hotel is transacted. The visitor is landed at the arrival office, where e engages his apartments. He calls for a ro and is asked upon what floor he desires it, the stories being counted from what we call the second. The higher up he goes, the cheaper the rate, which is certainly more just than paying the same price for a room in the eighth story as for one in the second. A boy shows the guest to his room on the floor indicated. Even in the third story—our fourth—the apartments are spacious and elegantly furnished. Each of them has a marble mantel and a very large window. The carpet is Brussels or Turkey; the mirror is five or six feet high; the chairs are manogany with stuffed seats; the bed has expensive drape-ries; in short it is better furnished than most

American hotels on the first and second floors.

Hanging up in his room the guest will find a list of rules and regulations, which includes the price of the room he has taken. One on the third floor, looking out upon the Palace of the Lourse and the Rue Rivoll, is five and a half france, and service one and a half france, or seven france per week. On each floor there are several "bureaux," or offices, at which the visito leaves his key, or applies for anything wanted.

If the guest next wants a bath, he will find it in the house. Before the water is let in, the in-side of the tub is covered with a clean lines loth, so that the bather does not some in contact with the dirt or disease of him who last used the apparatus. If he wants soap he calls for it, is charged a franc for it, and carries it off with him if he likes.

Attached to the hotel is a restaurant and an

immense dining hall, the latter being used only for the table d'hote. When the guest seats him-self at one of the small tables in the restaurant, the walter brings him a printed blank and pen cil. He writes on the card his name, the number of his room, and what he wants to eat or drink. This order is sent to the office, and from it his bill is made out. If there is any dispute about the amount, this order is produced.

The only public spartment except the eating-rooms is the reading-room, which is large and richly finished, and furnished in the most elegant style. From this room open the rectaurant and dining-room, the latter of which is very spacious, and in the style of the grand saloon of the Palace of Versailles. The table d'hote is at five o'clock, and in busy times from five hundred to a thousand people sit down at the tables. The visito sand people at down at the tables. The visitor buys a ticket in the reading-room for his dinner, or gives his order for one, and is admitted to the dining saloon as he would be to the theatre. The price for the dinner is seven france—about one dollar and forty cents-which includes all common claret wine the diner wishes to

Little or nothing is placed upon the table. Soup is given to all; then the waiters pass round with fish, the guests helping themselves from the dish. The other items of the bill of fare are passed in like manner to all, so that a person literally eats through the course, the time emin Paris can get a better dinner, at half the price and with half the formalities, in the ordinary the formalities, in the ordinary restaurants of the city.

The Date Palm.

The Date Palm at an early period of history must have engaged man's attention in an emi neat degree. It grows, to begin with, in a tract of country where atmospheric moisture of any kind is so scanty that its leaflets unlike those of other Palms, are constructed so that at their base they form little receptacles, and thus catch every drop of moisture. It has no branches like other trees, or as the Gingerbread Pain (Hyphicae thebaica,) with which it is occasion It has no branches ally associated. It has several features in commove from the minds of primitive people. body is covered with hair, like the body of man its head, once cut off, would no more grow again than that of a human being; the male and it is well known that the female would die an old maid unless some bachelor should take compassion on her. Add to this that the whole population at that time relied upon dates as their staple food, as is still the case in those that impression produced upon an unimagina tive people, when after travelling for days in dry, dusty, waterless deserts, with nothing in sight but gray drifting sands and skeletons of animals perished on the road, they suddenly en tered a grove of Date Palms, affording water, shade, fuel, food, and repose. They must have been made of stern material if all this had made no lasting impression upon them. As they lay under the trees and saw the evening breeze gracefully playing with the feathery leaves which formed boid arches over them, gilt by the last rays of the setting sun, and soon to be silvered by the rising moon—a forcible appea must have been made to the religious element of their composition, and these Palm grove have appeared to them places peculiarly euited for the purposes of worship. And such indeed was the case. Palm groves, and those of the Date in particular, were deemed peculiarly sacred. As divilization advanced, and regular temples were built, the architect natur ally took for his type, what must ever have been associated with his religious feelings-the

A recent lecturer tells of a London cab man with whom he conversed, who had never heard of Cobden or Washington, but who knew all about "Jack Heenan, who was walloped by Tom Savere."

In 1859, inquiry showed that the cost of maintaining a Greenwich pensioner for one year was £59 6s. 11d., while at the Paris Invalides each inmate cost but £31 16s. 2d. The English Government at once demanded reform, which had such effect that the cost is now 1114, or nearly double what it was in 1859.

Near Philadelphia lives a bale and hearty man, possessed of the most sensitive feelings. When his wife goes into the yard and saws wood for half a day, he sits by the fire with

Evils of the Sewing-Machine

The sewing machine has proved itself a blessed to society in a thousand ways; but its use, itike the use of every thing else, can be made a source of much physical suffering to the opera-tor. The Boston Medical and Surgical Journal furnishes some startling information with respect to the injurious results of constant work on this convenient instrument :-

picture of vigorous health, presented herself at his office in such a condition of emaciation, and with such a change of countenance, that he was greatly shocked at her appearance. The expla-nation which she gave was as follows: For seven months, from morning till night, she had seven montos, from morning till night, she had been working upon a sewing machine, known as the "Awerican machine." The constant motion of the lower extremities in propelling it had pro-duced such weakness that she was often compelled to suspend her work; and to the frequency of this effect and the fatigue resulting from it, she attributed the loss of strength and seah from which she was suffering.

"During the past year, he goes on to say, he found in the hospital of Saint Louis three similar cases; and during the present year he had lar cases; and during the present year he had aiready found five in the same hospital. He also adds that within a month two females, entirely unknown to each other, and working in different shops, called upon him the same day, to consult him for similar symptoms. The first of these, a blonde, in the most vigorous hashih when ahe began to work at the machine, in seven or sight mouths, had become or sight mouths had become or sight. months had become enfeebled, her general health had declined, and she had become the health had declined, and she had become the subject of a membraneous irritation which was daily increasing. She said, also, that many of the girls in the same establishment were affected in the same way, by the same cause, 'the con-tinual movement of the lower limbs, the jar and the swaying of the body,' and that many of them had been so annoyed as to be obliged frequently to suspend their work and leave the

p for a time.
The second of these two patients was a brunette, of entirely different temperament from the other. She had been obliged to give up her place after working at the machine for a year, on account of the same symptoms. To the in-quiry as to any local excitement produced by it, quiry as to any local excitement produced by it, she answered in the affirmative. To translate her own words: 'Among 500 women who worked with me, there were at least 200 who suffered as I did; so that the operatives were constantly changing, none of them being able to stay long. It is a constant going and coming of women, who enter strong and well and who go out weak and emaclated.'"

Ludies, do not drive the sewing-machine too.

Ladies, do not drive the sewing-machine too hard. Moderate use proves it a blessing; too frequent use will make it a curse, so far as health is concerned.

An English nobleman has suspended a musical bell on the neck of all his cows, each bell tuned to a different note of the scale, and the whole ringing through several octave A visitor to his farm is charmed by the musidometimes he hears several notes in unison, then a slight discord, and then a sweet harmony, all varied by distance and by the rising and falling

of the breeze.

The West Virginia Legislature is considering the propriety of requiring all editors to take the oath. Don't put any superfluous laws on your statute-books, gentlemen. If the duties of his profession don't make an editor swear,

laws will be powerless.—Erchange.

*** A French woman said of Sardon, the dramatist; "If he were as gifted as he is ugly,

he would be the greatest genius in Paris."

How long must a sailor follow the sea ertake it?

An actress, connected with one of the theatres, a great favorite, was complimented upon the blackness of her hair. "Why, it is dyed," she replied with the amiable frankness of the true artist. "Dyed," replied the other peaker, "why, favorite as you are, you are not been twenty." "No," said the lady, "but you know whom the gods love, dye young."

Men toil every day that they may be chabled to eat, and eat every day that they may speaker.

enabled to toil.

Bailman, secretary to an insurance com-any not considered too safe, having a hand-omely furnished office, it was remarked to him that his room was better than his company

Wendell Phillips and ex Governor Horatio Seymour are announced to speak together at a Free Trade meeting in New York, in a few

The culture of wine in Ohio is profitable. That State has 7,000 acres planted with graps, and the yield of the vines for 1866 was two and a half millions of pounds of grapes, and 237,000 gallons of wine,

Mrs. Partington says that when she was young, "gals were innocent, unconfiscated creaures; now they are what the French call

The man who shows no defect is a focor a hypocrite, whom we should mistrust. There are defects so bound to fine qualities, that the latter announce them, and it is not well to cor-

atement in the Wisconsin Farmer the Colorado potato bug is moving eastward at the rate of twenty-five to thirty miles a year. The line of march, somewhat crescent shaped, had reached Madison, Wis, last summer. Dr. Fitch esti-mates the Eastern progress at fifteen miles per

TT A Milwaukee paper tells a story of a terrier which attacked a rat at a grain ware-house in that city, a few days since; the rat equealed, the alarm was repeated by other rate near by, and in a moment a large swarm of rate surrounded the unfertunate dog, gave him bat-tle, and although he made terrible havoc among them, ultimately killed and nearly devoured

雷 A Turin journal states that there is a family in that city, consisting of five persons, who, for the last year, have lived upon cat's

The chaplain of the New York Assem ly perpetrated the following pun in a prayer May men of principle be our principal men."

La story is going the rounds, in New York fashionable circles, that a young gentleman and lady left a fashionable party up town, the other evening, got into a carriage together, drove to a clergyman's residence, were married, and after ward returned and danced the "German" toge-ther. We presums this is a "new figure."

There's always one consolation, whatever our misfortune—it might be worse. Were life hanging on a thread, it would be a comfort to think that it was not hanging on a rope.

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SONG.

The butterfly may hover Where gold eyed daisies grow, And round and round the cloves The drunken bee may go; But the strong winged bird flice over And leaves them there below

The wind may keep on bringing Secet sounds to the leaves that eigh, Tre brook may join his singing
To the cricket's merry cry;
But the strong hird's song is ringing
Above them in the sky.

A Mother's Grave.

There is a tender pathos in the following incident from the North British Mail. It suggests the sad thought that many a home is made ut terly desolate by a mother's death, and that children are often ruined by the loss of her com-

forting and restraining love :-Some gentlemen passing through the beautiful village of Renton, in the Vale of Leven, Dum-bartonsbire, about nine o'clock at night, some object in the churchyard. On going in to ascer tain what it was they found a boy of tender years lying flat on his face, and apparently ound asleep over a recently made grave Thinking this not a very safe bed for him, they shook him up, and asked how he came to be there. He said he was afraid to go home, as his sister, with whom he recided, had threatened to

"And where does your sister live?" asked one of the party.

'In Dumbarton," was the answer.

"In Dumbarton—nearly four miles off; and how came you to wander so far away from

"I just cam'," sobbed the poor little fellow

because my mither's grave was here His mother had been buried there a short time before, and his seeking a refuge at her grave in his sorrow was a beautiful touch of naire in a child who could scarcely have to earned to realize the true character of reparation which knows of no reunion on earth Taither had he instinctively wandered to sot out his sorrows, and to moisten with tears the grave of one who had hitherto been his natural rotector, for he had evidently cried himself to

A brother and sister who had not met for fifts five years, lately had a regulon dinner near New London, Butler county, Ohio. The knives and forks used on the occasion were forty eight years old; the chairs fifty-one years of age; the tea-cups, saucers, plates, &c., thirty years old. The turkeys were carved with a knife forty-eight years of age; but the fowls themselves, we believe, were not correspondingly

ELOUTENCE - A Buffalo paper has the follow ing: "We know of one enterprising Western representative who bought twenty five dollars' worth of written elequence in aid of a ratiroad acceptance that he was rewarded by a credulous people with a U. S. Senatorship."

PASSING THY DOOR.

O! 'twas the world to me, Life, too—and more! Catching a glimpse of thee, Passing thy door.

Faint as an autumn leaf, Trembling to part; So in that moment brief Trembled my heart.

Nothing I saw but thee, Nothing could find; Vision had fied from me, Lingering behind.

How I had passed along, How found my way, Lightless amidst the throng, Love only could say.

How I had moved my feet I never knew; I had seen nothing sweet Since I'd seen you

O! 'twas the world to me, Life, too-and more! Catching a glimpee of thee, Passing thy door.

Female Education in Germany.

When I first went to Germany it was with the expectation of finding in every tenth woman an uncrowned Corinna, and in every twentieth a ellent Exppho; and when I say allent, I mean it simply in the same sense as the poet who spoke of "mute inglorious" Miltona. It is true I did not seek my Corinnas at the Capitol, nor my Sapphos at Lesbos, since a cruel fate compelled me to turn my steps to remoter Northern re glong, where the climate and the social peculia ritics of the people were such, that it at one became evident to me the classic creatures sought could not by any possibility exist in those monotonous coasts. I found much hospitality, considerable wealth, singular prejudices, and an amount of conservatism and aristocratic exclu-sive sees such as to strike one as being infinitely comic in these nineteenth century days. But my Corinnas and my Sapphos I found not, nor did I indeed, seeing the physiology of the country, expect to find them. I consoled myself with the thought that, as I was not condemned to drive all my life in cocentric vehicles, behind four "fox colored" horses, over impossible roads, nor pledged to consume smoked geese, liver-eausages, and sauethraut to the end of my days, I might accept the interlude with philo sophy, and enjoy my sejourn in that corn-grow ing country as much as the nature of things in general would allow.

But the times of "peace and plenty," of

shampooing drives and plethoric repasts came to an end, and I made "mes malles," and de parted from those shores with a certain sense of repletion, the fulness of which clings to me vet. My time was come, and amidst much kies ing of the dexter and sinister cheek, and many banquets, I departed, not without some regret (for I had found a kindly people, honest if not rilliant, and friendly if not precisely am but with yet more pleasing anticipations of what

was in store for me It was perhaps an unjust thing on my part to have preconceived any notions at all of the people and country to which I was going, but that I had conceived very strong ideas I deny. I was possessed with a sort of Teuto mania, all the more unaccountable because I never, to my knowledge, come in contact with asy natives of the country I so much, and so blindly, admired, if I except a German gover-ness who had kept guard over us on half-holi-days at school, with a bird's-ness on the top of her head in the shape of hair, a white linen pocket-handkerchief tied round her neck by way of a collar, and knitted cotton stockings which she displayed liberally in her walks abroad, as she had a weakness for square toed shoes tied on with pieces of narrow black ribwhich I am told are technically termed

Taus my only German acquaintance car scarcely be said to have justified my preconceived notions as to my fair Saxon sisters. had read (surreptitiously, I am free to confess), a translation of the "Sorrows of Werther;" but having already Thackeray's immortal verse by heart the aroma of the greater poet's concer youth I had adopted our great humorist's view of the bread and butter cutting proclivities of Mrs. Charlotte, and had not therefore found my stolen fruit quite as sweet as I had expected it be. I had read a translation of Schiller's Bride of Messina," and of Fouque's works; was acquainted with Grimm's fairy tales (as what English child worth sait to its porridge is not?) and I had even looked into Goethe's "Wilhelm Meister," but not being able to find out unpleasantly, I had returned the volume to its cooksbelf, and consoled myself with a trapela-ion of Schiller's "Cabal and Liebe." Thus I think it may fairly be said that my previsions were innate, of themselves, and not owing to any special influence from without.

And let me here observe that, when speaking amount of knowledge, positive and abstract theoretical, and real, instilled into the minds of er young girls and women, than the genera and determining outer influences which help to form their character and to make them what they are. Let me also say that I do not speak of the "upper Ten," as we understand that mystic number, but that I speak of the great majority which forms the nation. I speak, also, of Northern and Central Germany, and not of Austria or the more southern parts; for the dif-ference between a Vienness and a Hanoverian s almost as marked as that between a French

and an English woman. In large towns, such as Betlin, Dreeden, Ham burg, there are, of course, circles and drawing rooms where the talk, the dress, the manners are cosmopolitan. This is the result of a confins of foreigners of every nation-the various ele ments being fused together into a cort of social mosaic, barmonious as a whole, though differing widely in detail: men of position and wealth; women who have seen the world, and are toleie in their conversation, elegant in their and most agreeable in their pretty, bril ant talk, which is gav without being labored. d lively without being illnatured. Of such as sees I do not speak. It has been said that Paris is France; and I believe that this state-ment may be taken as substantially true. Lon-

don is not England; nor do I think that ever the marvellous powers of absorption shown by Prunsia can pretend that Berlin is Germany. And it is of Germany and German women that I now would fain speak; not of Prussis or the fair Berliness, but rather of the inhabitants of those smaller and much-despised "tin-pot states," with their charming little Residens towns and

Some verses arise in my mind (written, I be-lieve by a distinguished member of one of our universities) which would well describe my journey from that plethoric land of which I have spoken to that more intellectual land whither I journeyed with such fond anticipations

"And onward through those dreary flats They move, with scanty space to sit on, Flanked by stout girls in steeple hate And walsts that paralyze a Briton

"By many a tidy little town, Where tidy little Fraue are knitting (The men's pursuits are lying down, Smoking perennial pipes, and—spitting.)"

The "stout girls in the steeple hate" did no so specially afflict me, nor did their waista though undoubtedly thick, cause me any acute emotion; it was a detail, and though from an artistic point of view, not a specially pleasing one, yet I should have scorned to confess that one, we I should have been any way "para-lyzed" by this physical phenomenon. But at length I came to my "tidy little town," where the "tidy little Fraus were knitting," and little did I then dream that those three other ugly old maids were weaving my destiny in such a way that I should have ample opportunities of study-ing not only the tidy little town and the tidy little Fraus, and the knitting of the same, but also to contemplate at my leisure the "men's pursuits,"—of "lying down, smoking perennial pipes, and "—oh, ye gods, that I should have to chronicle it here!—"spitting!" But the truth

must be spoken.

We had a Grand Duke and a Grand Duches st K—, and we had a diplomatic corps, and an army, and two or three generals, staggering under orders and decorations; we had a thea. tre, and a Kur-Garden, where people walked up and down, and drank poisonous waters in sum-mer: the ladies in frilled (night-) caps, mushroom straw hats, and morning wrappers; t men in a miscellaneous costume, incapable portrayal. We had coffee-gardens at K ers: the where the Grand Ducal band played on summe afternoons, and where the whole population ap-peared to be military, so close and regular was he attendance of all the young officers on these occasions. Of course we could not have an "upper ten thousand" at K—, nor even an upper ten hundred; but we had an upper fifty or so, who all wrote I'm before their names or so, who all wrote for before their names, sat on the adelige (or noble) side of the theatre, considered (and were even snobbish enough to call) themselves the "haute voice," and gave the tone, such as it was, to society.

A German girl comes into the world with two

original sins,—the vice of coffee-drinking and an indisposition to take exercise. A German baby is a pitcous object; it is pinioned and bound uplike a mummy in yards of bandages, which are unfolded once (at the outside twice) a day; it is never bathed, but I suppose is sometimes washed in some occult manner. Its head is never touched with soap and water until it is eight or ten months old, when the fine skulleap of encrusted dirt which it has by that time obtained is removed by the application of various un Many German ladies have assured me

guents. Many terman ladies have assured me that the fine heads of hair one so often sees in Germany are entirely owing to this skullcap.

When, having some juvenile relatives staying with me, I insisted on their being "tubbed," all my female friends were shocked at my ignosimply owing to our barbaric bath system that the King of Hanover had lost his sight. "My friends, we are not all blind," I said, and then they were ellenced, though not convinced. To this terrible system of bandaging, combined with a potato and coffee diet, do I attribute in a great degree the number of curved spines, crooked shoulders, and abnormal developments that one meets with in Germany. As little girls grow older, they have their coffee like their elders, and by degrees form a number of acquaintances of their own age, with whom they have daily meetings, so that society is a large ingredient of juvenile life. Then comes the time for going to echool. With little knapescks on their backs, containing books, slate, &c., whole gangs of little students are to be seen walking through the streets always chattering and generally with apples, bread, or cakes, to dis tribute and consume, making in this way friends or enemies. This continues until a girl is grown up. On holidays the condition that these little brothers and sisters should suffice for each with the occasional excitement of a All the little sayings and jealousies other, with all the little spites and recentments, are thus kept up during a long course of years, and the daily goesip becomes almost a necessity of life.

A child is seldom sent to another town to school : the extra expense of board and lodging is a serious item, and the Germans are prove cially a frugal people. Thus, even in the days, there is no change; the children do not as with us, "come home" from school; they are at home; they only have more time for the dis ussion of their little spites and jealousies, meroffee drinking, more goesip, and more liberty.

As time goes on, and the little girl buds into

early maidenhood, this passing to and fro through the public streets, has serious disadvantages; she becomes self-conscious, has a powing acquaintance with her friends' brother and a system of coquetry is carried on which has no good influence on her character. I say advisedly, for it is not the " flirtation we see amongst young people in our own coun-try, beginning openly in fun, and ending in amusement; nor is it that sort of schoolboy love, which is at times so life-enduring, that the little fourteen year old Etonian with the club foot ceases to be an object of ridicule in his all absorbing passion for Mary Chaworth. Boys and girls never play together in Germany, as our boys and girls do; therefore the young Fraulein of fourteen who has a bowing acquaint ince, and something perhaps more, with her friends' brothers, since they arrange to mee her on their way from college, or on her way to school, is conscious that these tacit arrangements are not allowed, are wrong, and to be en joyed after the surreptitions manner of stolen fruit. She has had hitherto coffee and gossip, but now a fresh stimulant comes into her life ness of something to conceal, and her eyes be come less candid, and her gaze is not so fearless

And now comes the selemn rite of confirma-tion. I do not like to speak at length on this subject; but I have been pained beyond mea-sure at the way in which this turning-point in a young life, this moment of enthusiastic resolves and passionate repentance, of ardent aspira-tions and humble regrets, is regarded (as a rule) in Germany.

The young girl goes to so called confirmation The young girl goes to so caused confirmance classes. It is a sort of received idea amongst these young people that they shall then select an object (if they have not already done so) upon which to fix their affections, the youths who attend these classes claiming the like priwho attend these classes claiming the like privilege. "I am going to have my visiting cards printed, Amalia," says one young girl, coming out of the confirmation lecture. "And mamma has promised me a new black silk for the confirmation-day, and a blue silk, made long and gored in the skirt, trimmed in each seam with velvet to match," says the other. "But there is 0 the X—— and his cousin. Let us walk quickly down the Brunnen Strasse, and we shall meet them there again before they cross the seet them there again before they cross the

Schloss Garden. And the day of confirmation comes. Not in white do these young creatures approach God's altar to swear fresh allegiance to their King, to register new yows of faith and obedience, and register new vows of faith and obedience, and to be confirmed in all promises of holiness and goodness once made for them,—not in gar-ments typical of innocence, but in black silk dresses and white kid gloves,—a sort of female Ethiopian serenader coetume, with great bou-quets in their hands, and pocket handkerchiefs frilled with lace, and all the self-consciousness of being dressed for the first time in "silk at-tire." And then what follows? Not quiet of being dressed for the first time in tire." And then what follows? Not quiet tire." And then what follows? Not quiet tire." hours amongst brothers and sisters, or by the mother's side; not happy moments of silent communing with her own heart; but a succession of visitors, presents, cake and wine, excla mation or admiration at the toilets, congratule tions on final emancipation from the "Da" of child into the "Sie" of young-ladyhood. In the afternoon a droechky is hired, and the confirmed

sternoon a grocensy is nired, and the contrined young Christian is driven out to pay visits and show off her incongruous finery.

Thus the child grows into girlhood, the girl into maidenhood, and the maiden by degrees into young womanhood. Being now confirmed, she has the privilege of coming down in the morning in the universal cap, which often covers untidity arranged hair. If she is of a domestic turn, after swallowing several cups of coffee and a few rolls of white bread, she will go into the kitchen; here her time will be passed until sleven, when she will withdraw to her room and spend an hour or more in dressing. At length coiffée et habilée, she is "at home," if any one should call; or should the day be fine she will perhaps walk with her favorite friend on the fashionable promenade, exchanging greet-ings with acquaintances and criticising the toilets of her female friends and enemies. Then omes dinner; and at three o'clock she will se off to her coffee-party. The afternoon will be spent in goseip: the last pieces at the theatre and the favorite actor will be discussed. At six o'clock the party will break up, as some of the young ladies are sure to be abonnées, in the theatre, that is to say, regular subscribers, and entitled to go orce, twice, thrice, or more times a week to that temple of the Muses, according to the terms on which they have secured their

At the theatre they find themselves again amongst female friends and gossips, and scandal eigns supreme between the acts. At nine o'clock she comes home to tea; the father drops o'clock she comes home to tea; the father drops in from his club; the sons lounge in from the theatre or some other place of amusement. A good deal of cold meat, eggs, and bread and butter is then consumed; everybody is languid, and no one seems much disposed for conversation. By degrees they drop off one by one, and at half-past ten are all seleep. Girls have no out-of-doors amusements in Germany; no riding, no beating, no avenue. They do no boating, no swimming, no croquet. They do not go for long country walks, no do they wear thick boots and waterproof clothes. They are so little accustomed to the society of young men, that if a gentleman is ordinarily civil they either imagine he is desperately in love with them, or conceive a romantic passion for him on

It is not the custom for young ladies to teach in Sunday schools as it is with us,—to visit the poor and make garments for the needy. Nor is it the custom even for them to go to church. That some women go to church is not to be de nied, and that some may visit the poor I am not prepared to refute, but that it is customary to

do so, I am sorry to say is not the case. The day passes in cooking, in dressing, in talking, perhaps in walking a little if the weather be fine, in dining, and coffee-drinking, in goesip and supping; but no outward token of religion graces any of these occupations or pastime Domestic servants seldom or never go to church or do masters and mistresses make it their pusiness to see that they do so. Some master and mistreeses may so busy themselves, and some few servants may do as they are told, but the majority do not, and it is of the majority I now speak. They have one bugbear, these peowithout an object in life, and that is what they call mode, a monster between public opi and Mrs. Grundy.

" I should like to sketch that picturesque old house," said I one day to a pretty young girl of sixteen who was walking with me.

" For heaven's sake do not speak of such thing," she said; "people are not so emanci pated here; Sie wissen ja, es ist hier keine On another occasion, when I announced my

intention of riding on horseback, a friend hav-ing offered me a quiet and well-trained horse and my cousin and uncle having promised to ac-company me, a kind old lady who was of the

party, leant towards me and said,
"Do not do it, my dearest friend. It is bold;
it is unfeminine, it is ungraceful, and Sie wissen's
ja, es ist kier keine Mode!" But my uncle and my cousin are going to

ride with me," I said, as in ished at her energy of denunciation "Then they will say your cousin is in love "But he is not in love with me: he is dving

for Kaulein Octerding, the girl with the heavy It matters not; here one does not ride, it is

"When I grow rich," said a generous relative to me one day, in the presence of a young and beautiful widow,—"When I grow rich, Winnie, I'll make you a present of the prettiest pony-carriage I can find in London, and a couple of gray ponies, that you may drive yourself about."

. Here such things are not the fashion."

"Thank you," I said, and laughed, for the prospect appeared to me so remote that I could not make my thanks very fervant.

When my generous relative left the room, "What a rude man he is," the beautiful widow said, "proposing that you should drive yourself, like a desechky coachman!"

"But it is what I like doing of all things in the world," I said; "and if I ever get my ponies I shall take you for a drive with me every day."

"You could not do it here," she said. " You could not do it here," she said.

"Why not?"

"Es ist ja keins Mode."

Thus I often came to pity these young German ladies, whose life is so restricted in all its amusements and pleasures. At the balls it was not much better: the division of the sexes could soarcely have been more strictly observed in a Pussyite church. Except just at the actual moment of dancing together, the young people seemed to come into no closer contact. The instant the dance was ended, the young cavalier would wheel right-about face, click his heels together, drop his arms in a lifeless manner by his side, and bow deeply to his partner, who would in turn smile, courtesy, and go off to find a reat side, and bow deeply to his partner, who would in turn smile, courtesy, and go off to find a seat for herself, or link her arm within that of some

No gentleman calling at a house asks for the lady or mistress thereof,—he asks for the lord and master, and should that personage be at home, he goes into his sanctum sanctorum and probably smokes several cigars with him, and then departs, never having attempted to see any of his friend's female relatives. Should the master, on the contrary, not be at home, he deposits (wo (or more) cards with your servant as pledges of his friendship, and departs in the proud consciousness of having fulfilled his duties

Years pass. The young girl is so very young Years pass. The young girl is so very young no more. Her friends are beginning to be anxious; a suitable parti must be found. She has not much choice, poor thing. She must marry an officer or an employs high in office. This is no case of curates and croquet, of young barristers and toxophilate archery meetings, of Government clerks and a villa at Putney. Olergymen (Protestant clergymen) are, I regret to say, nowhere in German society, barristers (if there are such beings) impracticable, and Go-vernment clerks out of the question. Nevertheless, a marriage is arranged, but first there is the knotty point of the so-called "caution" to

"caution" in its Transatlantic sense must not here be presupposed. A "caution" in the Teutotechnical sense is the sum of fitteen thou-sand thalers, to be deposited in the Government funds (if the lover is a military man) by the contracting parties, in order that the widow, should her husband be killed in the service of his her husband be killed in the service country, may have a sufficiency upon which to live "standesgemass," or in a manner befitting her rank. There are not, however, very many her rank this sum. Thus young couples who can deposit this sum. Thus what with money difficulties, and the scarcity of what with money difficulties, and the constraints suitors from whom to choose, a young unmarried German lady has rather a hard time of it until certainty, in the shape of a "caution" of fifteen thousand thalers and matrimony, puts an end to her trials. The betrothal is even a grander affair than the marriage. The evening grander affair than the marriage. The evening before the wedding a singular ceremony takes place; crockery is smashed; much coffee and cake is consumed; people arrive en costume, repeat original and appropriate, or borrowed and inappropriate verses, whilst they present their gifts. There is perhaps dancing, and certainly much talking; the ceremony on the whole is a splendid one, and the scene chiefly characterized by inhight confusion, indiscriminate ansechify. by jubilant confusion, indiscriminate speechify-ing, and toasts of the pointedly-personal cha-

Matrimony is surely the golden key to the pelestial portals of liberty! To choose one's own dresses (subject to marital approval), to have one's coffee as strong as one likes, and not nave one's come as strong as one likes, and not be stinted as to sugar, to go three times a week to the theatre with appropriate variations de toi-lette, to make one's self renowned as a Hausfrau,—what delights! And yet, and yet, who shall say that these delights shall suffice a female heart? There have been women who have not found it so; but these were uncomfortable souls. Of such misguided females let me keep silence; is our duty ever to represent the best of its

We are accustomed to think that a woman reigns supreme in her own house,—that, let her lord and master be never so despotic in other matters, on domestic subjects he does not preer to elevate his voice on mat ters of household arrangement. But then our men's pursuits are of a more active character than those to which I have already alluded as forming the staple occupations of a German gentleman. They have not so much time for beerving and interfering; they are, as a rule, arder worked, and also, as a rule, "care for harder worked, and also, as a rule, "care for none of these things." Thus the tidy little They Fraus have a somewhat hard time of it. represent what they are not, for the master knows as much as (and often more than) the mistress, with this difference, that she meekly brings him all her experience, like a little prime minister, and he advises, and reprimands, and criticises, iving on his comfortable sofs, smoking the perennial pipe, and occasionally "spitting" by way of accompaniment to his dutiful wife's report. He knows all about the butter and dripping, swears if too much firewood is used, es abusive on the subject of sauerkraut. becomes abusive on the subject of materials, and tyrannical as to coals and candles, is tremendous on bacon, and awe-inspiring as to redherrings. My fascinating friend, General Witzenstein, actually insulted his wife before me on account of too much soap having been used in some of all her shortcomings as a Hausfrau-highly embarrassing to me, though I think she was too much used to it to feel it very acutely.

I have seen a word on small shops in low London reighborhoods which often recurred to my mind at K—: "Kitchen stuff" I am not aware of the precise nature of this mysterious article; but if I have not met with it in substance, I have least made its acquaintance in the spirit during long dreary hours of coffee at K.—. Oh, the "kitchen-stuff" that was then taiked! the wearisome wealth of detail, the prolific extravagance of example! It is not, haps, polite of me to call anything "atuff" w was talked by a bevy of fair creatures with towers of hair on the tops of their heads, and spotless Garibaldi muslin jackets; but truth ompels me to say it was "stuff," and not only

How odious was the conduct of Mr. Barchell towards the Honorable Wilhelmina Caroline Angelina Skegge! And yet I have often found a certain solace in imitating that gentleman's un-genteel example, and muttering the above un-

or the flicker of the early gas-lights would dis-perse the fair experts. A weman is no more mistress of her own house in Germany than you or I are masters of our fate (let Mr. Tennyson say what he may.) She is simply an upper servant; and her master knows so well the cost of everything, that her allowance would not admit of an extra cabbage, if she wanted it never so much, or a surreptitious egg, might her de-sire panoakewards be never so strong.

so much, or a surreputious egg, might her desire pancakewards be never so strong.

After a year's matrimony come the customary baby. It is born, is swathed up, and has a huge peasant girl in loce parents. A mummy is not a thing to fondle, nor is a little etiff bundle of humanity (which you might stand up on end in the corner of the room without detriment to its arrangements) an object on which to lavish careases. Thus the young mother is scarcely a mother at all; all the maternal functions being delegated to another. The baby does not lie on the floor, or crawl on to the hearth-rug, crowing and kicking and curling up its pink toes, and trampling with its chubby legs. It does not swarm up and about its mother's neck and bosom, finding it's little life and all its tiny pleasures in her arms; it does not at length fall into a sleep of lazy rosy repletion, and with its little mouth open siumber away like the satisfied, beautiful little animal it is. No; it is out walking, tied to a feather-bed, and accompanied by a tall soldier, the father of its poor little foster elster, which is to grow up as it can. It comes in presently, and is taken to its mamma to kins: but its real grow up as it can. It comes in presently, and is taken to its mamma to kiss; but its real mother, the mother that fosters it, carries it away again, and usurps all the privileges of ma-ternity for the rest of the day. Thus the "tidy little Frau" has plenty of time for that "knit-ting" of which the poet has made mention in

ting" of which the poet has made mension in his song.

Her husband goes to his club every afternoon after he has had his siesta, and taken his coffee; and whiles there he reads the newspapers and plays several subbers (pronounced "robbers") of whist with his associates. The newspapers are then discussed (if such discussions be prudent,) and at nine o'c ook the husband finds his way home again. If he is gallant, and his wife is at the treatre, or he is an amateur of the ballet. home again. It he is gallant, and his wife is at the theatre, or he is an amateur of the ballet, and she is not, he will probably turn into that temple of the Muses, in order to while away the time till nine o'clock. Having discussed (as far, as was prudent') all political news at the clubs, he is not likely to begin on the state of the outer world again at home. Besides, women don't read the newspapers; so a little local talk is all that turns up, and as it is very local indeed, and has been revolving in the same circle (on his part) for the last thirty, and on hers for the last twenty years (for at five they both knew a last twenty years (for at five they both knew a fair amount of the town gossip,) it is not of a nature to make them forget the time or be heed-less of the coals and candles.

After I had been three years at K-, I began almost to wonder what could have led me to such foregone conclusions as to the Sapphos and Corinnas of my imagination. I had ceased to look for one of those gifted females in every tenth or even twentieth woman I met, but in my secret soul I pined for her, and still carried a lantern beneath my cloak in order to aid me in my search. I was unwilling to renounce my lit-

I saw a stout, heavy girl with spiral ringlets very often at my friends' houses, and as she never talked "kitchen-stuff" I ventured to make some inquiries about her.

"My dear, she is insupportable," said her cousin; "she writes verses, goes to church nearly every Sunday, has not a notion of cooking, and reads in bed at night!"

"Quite a desperate character in fact!"
"Quite so. Ah, you are an fail at once. She is in fact, entre nous, quite "berspannt."

"Ah !" I said, looking horrified, for my friend had lowered her voice as she uttered that eig-nificant word, and I felt that it behooved me to make an appropriate observation. "Ueber-spannt?" What a world of represent lay in spannt?" What a world of reproach lay in that term! What soorn and contumely; what a depth of condemnation and disapproval! "Overstrong,"—as we might say of a bow of which the tension was too great. "Overdrawn, overstrong." Poor Louise von Dürlach! She was a quiet girl, who knew some of Schiller's and moet of Geikel's poems by heart; went to church, read, French and English fluently, made element extracts in a neat little niggling German. elegant extracts in a neat little niggling German hand, curled her hair, and wore dowdy gowns. There was nothing romantic, sentimental, af-

fected, or uberspannt in her (that I could see.) but "give a dog a bad name and hang him And when Louisa von Dürlach married a litt stout, elderly man with a bald head, hook-nose and round owl like spectacles, the same lady shook her bead, and said reflectively, "She was always uberspannt, you know.'

time came for me to leave Karrived at L.— in the winter time, and a bit-terly cold winter it was. At L.— there was an English embessy; and whereas we had only had 50 000 inhabitants at K --- , we had 80, 000 at L.—. My heart beat with joyful emo-tion as out of my drawing-room windows I be-held two British youthe linked arm in arm and stepping languidly down the pavement in gar-ments vociferous of the genius of Poole. The Germans were all disguised in furs, and were going swiftly up and down the town, with their ears tied down under rabbit skin pade; whilst these two godlike youths, apparently impervious to heat and cold, sauntered languidly along the pavement, their mauly throats bared to the breeze. Instead of married court, we had a bachelor prince at ---, which gave society, so to speak, a lopsided aspect, though it was not, quence, without a certain piquancy.

I think it is Thackeray who somewhere tells a tory of his having felt himself obliged to cut a friend dead during the space of four years (a) dangerous weapon at L-there would have been ample field for such exception. I remem privilege to sup at the serere table-an honor to which only twelve could be admitted, because we fed off gold, and the service was only made for a dozen,)—I remember, I say, on that august

flattering monosyllable between my teeth during one of those borrible stances endured from and ugly men, their feats and failings? Did I not see scores of young and beautiful creatures and ugly men, their feats and failings? Did I not see scores of young and beautiful creatures "doing likewise?" And does not Mr. Thackersy declare, at the same time as he recounts how his sense of duty as an English gentleman forced him to gut the man that at a near with his now me sense or duty as an English gentleman forced him to cut the man that are peas with his knife at some table d'hôte, how he saw the beautiful hereditary Princess Amalia of Polytausend-Donnerwetter use the same weapon in lieu of a fork or apoun, at the table of one of her royal relatives, with all the dexterity of an Indian juggler, without blushing?

relatives, with all the dexterity of an Indian juggler, without blushing?

Two years at L.—— were very much like, three years at K.——. Some slight variations, perhaps; but on the whole no new impressions. We were a little grander at L.——; we had a diplomatic circle,—exclusive, expensive, ponderous, awful slow. Officers' wives were not admitted within this magic riog unless they had some special plea to such admission, such as extraordinary birth, wealth, or personal attractraordinary birth, wealth, or personal attra-tions; though this latter would not have counte unless backed up by one or other of the foregoing qualifications. But beyond and without this pompous, expensive, exclusive, slow set to which I have alluded, all was as it had been at

"Surely you are urjust," says some candid, impartial friend. I think not. Women have not their proper place in Germany. They are treated as irresponsible beings; they are kept in a state of tutelage, that makes them helpless in emergency and troublesome at a crisis. They have no rational amusements. They are not al-lowed to share their husbands' and brothers' lowed to share their husbands' and brothers' pursuits. They are thrown back upon themselves or upon each other for society and conversation: they are not their husbands' equals; they do not stand by his side "to warn, to comfort, and command,"—such words would savor to a German wife of blasphemy. They are there to knit and spin, to sew buttons on his shirts and darn his stockings, to Iron his coliars and pocket-handkerchiefs, and cook his favorite dishes. They are there to drive the "slavey," and do half of the "slavey's" legitimate work. and do half of the "slavey," legitimate work.
They are there to peel the baked potatoes at
supper, and take the scaly armor off the shrimps
and prawns. And if they do these things assiduously have they not their reward? Are they not allowed to go to the theatre in the winter, and frequent the coffee gardens in summer? May they not choose their own gowns (provided they are not the expensive), and have these privileges? German girls ought to be companions for German men. They have adshould accept in an ecstasy of gratitude. same professors that lecture to their brothers and cousins within the university halls or college class-rooms come down from those greater altitudes to teach the young girls and children that we have seen passing to and fro through the streets to school. They are taught regularly constructed the second contractions of the second contractions and contractions to the second contractions. larly, systematically, patiently, conscientiously A German girl must be dull indeed who is no well read. Everything is taught, and everything is taught well. Nothing is of itself; a building is not made of one brick, nor a ship of a block of wood; and there are a score of diverse influences working on the outer and inner system of female education in Germany, of which have neither time nor space to speak here.

SONG OF THE VEGETARIAN.

BY HOWARD PAUL.

Let me claim your kind attention that you may the story heed Of a blighted Vegetarian prematurely run to

seed!
Once I loved a tender maiden, choicest bud of

Beauty's bower, Graceful as the golden pumpkin, fairer than the

cauliflower: Spotless as the virgin turnip, she was skittish,

coy and shy,
And with eyes whose soft expression might with the potato vie.

She combined the rare perfections of the parsiey,

leck and green, Eggplant, cabbages and muchrooms, celery and kidney beau;

Truffles, lettuces and carrots, could not with her

charms compare; Spinach, beet-root and tomatoes gave it up in

For to gaze upon her beauty brought the tears into your eyes!

But alas! when fully ripened, and I sought her for my wife, Tauntingly she said she could not lead a vege

table life:

Flesh of my flesh, if she ever changed into, she said were shame,

For I had through eating pickles merely

cucumber frame.
'twas cruel, and it left me withered, shrivel led, faint and pale, Prostrate as a stalk of rhubarb snapt asunder

by the gale.

Even now the recollection of her harsh, unfeel ing tones Chills the vegetable marrow in these farinaceou

Artichokes have lost their flavor, marrowfate

entice no more, 'Tie as though a snall was gnawing, eating

through my very core;
And ere long a simple tablet thuswise will in

scribe my fate "Here lies a Vegetarian, who has ceased to

vegetate. The Old Newspaper.

An instructive lesson may be drawn from the columns of an old newspaper. You meet with names that seem once to have been on every tengue, but now are never mentioned; author bocks, which the reviewer confidently handed down to the admiration of all after ages but which somehow have failed to reach ou age; popular preachers, whose sermons have sent no echo to our ears; politicians, who fill whole columns of the paper, but have long since retired to an undiscoverable privacy; swarms of Occasion nearly fainting with horror and dismay when I beheld an old man in a gorgeous suit of clothes (painted, padded, dued, and polished a of those days, but of whom we were totally ignored and spiritly interesting the control of those days, but of whom we were totally ignored to the control of the control of those days. gravy on a knife. A serene highness is, I suppose, pledged to remain serene under any protocation. Our serene highness watched the jugging feat of this old gentleman with perfect placidity, but he ate his own supper after an increase out! THE PIPES AT LUCKNOW.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

Pipes of the misty moorlands, Voice of the glens and hills; The droning of the torrents, The treble of the rills ! Not the brace of broom and heather, Nor the mountains dark with rain,

Have beard your sweetest strain

Dear to the Lowland resper And plaided mountaineer,—
To the cottage and the costle
The Scottish pipes are dear;
Sweet sounds the ancient pibro O'er mountain, loob, and glade; But the sweetest of all music The pipes at Lucknow played

Day by day the Indian tiger Louder yelled, and nearer crept; Round and round the jungle-serpent Near and nearer circles swept "Pray for rescue, eves and moth Pray to-day!" the soldier said; To-morrow, death's between us And the wrong and shame we dread."

O! they listened, looked, and waited, Till their hope became despe And the sobe of low bewalling Filled the pauses of their prayer. Then up spake a Scottish maiden, With her ear unto the ground: Dinna ye hear it?—dinna ye hear it? The pipes o' Havelock sound!"

Hushed the wounded man his groaning; Hushed the wife her little on Alone they heard the drum-roll And the roar of Sepoy guns. ut to sounds of home and childhood The Highland car was true ;-As her mother's cradle-croot The mountain pipes she kne

Like the march of coundless music Through the vision of the ever, More of feeling than of hearing, Of the heart than of the ear, She knew the droning pibroch, She knew the Campbells' call "Hark! hear ye not MacGregor's,-The bravest of them all!"

Oh! they listened dumb and breathless, And they caught the sound at last; Faint and far beyond the Goomtee Rose and fell the piper's blast! Then a burst of wild thankegiving Mingled woman's voice and man's;
"God be praised!—the march of Havelook!
The piping of the clans!"

Louder, nearer, fierce as vengeance, Sharp and shrill as swords of strife, wild MacGregor clan call, Stinging all the air to life. But when the far-off dust cloud To plaided legions grew, Full tenderly and blithesome The pipes of rescue blew!

Round the silver domes of Lucknow, Moslem mosque and pagan shrine,
Breathed the air to Britons dearest,
The air of Auld Lang Syne.
O'er the cruel roll of war-drams
Rose that sweet and home-like strain;
And the tartan clove the turban,

Dear to the corn-land reaper And plaided mountainee To the cottage and the castle The piper's song is desr. weet sounds the Gallo pibroch The pipes at Lucknow played !

THE OUTLAW'S DAUGHTER.

A TALE OF THE SOUTH-WEST.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY EMERSON BENNETT.

Oh! she was a sweet spring onion, better name Actnox of the "White Slave," "Phaston

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1887, by Emerson Hennett, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, in and for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE TIMBLY RESCUE.

" You aint what you purtend to be !" screamed "You ant what you pure no to exceed the old woman; "and so out of here—git?"

"Mra. Blodget," cried I, flercely, producing one of my platols, "do you want the devil to get you before his time?"

"Lud sakes! don't kill me!" she prayed clasping her hands in terror.

"Then help me get this young gentleman away before any one interferes with my design,

or life will not be worth a rush-light! "You haint got no time to lose then," she returned, with a frightened look, "for Nelly's

gone fur help!"
"Quick, then!" cried !, "lead the way!"
"You'll find him in that yere room!" "Open the door and go first! I shall not trust you out of my sight!"

She did as I bade ber, and I followed close on The room was small and dark, the only ligh

in it coming through the door by which we entered, for the shutter of its only window was closed. I could see it was furnished better than the other apartment, as if used for a parlor and bed-room both. It contained a bed, a table, two or three chairs and a settee, and had a rag car-All this I took in at a glance. The human

figure, stretched out on the settee, arrested and fixed my whole attention. I flew to it, bent over it, and saw it was my friend, Ernest La Grange, in a deep, heavy sleep, his clothes unchanged, and a pillow under his head, as if he had care-fully laid himself down there. I did not wait for ceremony; but at once

claiming

there is danger here-danger, if not death! Ernest! Ernest! up! up! awake! awake!"

"Woman," cried I, turning flercely upon the old hag, who seemed not a little alarmed, "if this gentleman has been murdered by your cursed drugs, I will have every life concerned in the foul dead!"

"He's only sleeping!" she answered, trem

bling from head to foot."

I dragged him from the active to the floor, and rolled and shook him in a most vigorous manner. How precious seemed every moment that he was thus unconsciously sleeping away? for in what fearful peril did we both stand! I could not know when the black girl would return, with the person or persons she had gone to seek, and how was I to get him away unless he could aid himself?

"Qalek !" cried I to the old woman ; " water here | water !"

"There aint a blessed drap in this yere house this yere minute?" she answered; "but I'll run out and git some !"
"No!" said I, fleroely; " sit down there! you

don't stir a step out of my sight!"

I thought of the milk which had been teft in I thought of the milk which had been left in the other room, sprung in and got it, and dashed it into the face of my friend, in such a manner that it parily choked him. He strangled, coughed, and threw out his arms somewhat wildly. I seized hold of him again, and jerked him up and down, this way and that, calling him by name, and bidding him, for God's sake, rouse up before he should be murdered!

At last he opened his eyes, with a somewhat flushed face, and stared at me like one stupidly bewildered.

Ernest! Ernest! awake! arouse! awake!"

"Freet! Erset! awake! arouse! awake!"

I oried. "Do you not know me—your friend—
Leslie Walbridge!"

"Ha!" he muttered at length, thickly and gutturally; "Leslie—is it—you? what do you—

"Up! arouse! awake! away! for there is "Up! arouse! awake! away! for there is danger here!—they want to murder you!"
He stared at me, as if he heard but did not clearly comprehend, and then looked fixedly at the old woman, who sat trembling in the chair into which I had ordered her, and then gazed stapidly around the room. I did not cease my exertions to rouse him—still shaking and talking at the same time—for I felt that a moment's are the same time—for I felt that a moment's area to the same time of the talking and talking might negative the same time. relaxation might permit him to sink back into

He now began to gather his senses by slow degrees; and at length, to my unspeakable joy, demanded, in an almost natural tone:

"Why, Lealie, what is the matter? what has happened?"

happened?"

"You have been insuared, Ernest!" I hurriedly replied; "drugged—put to alsep—and your very life depends upon your rousing yourself at once and getting away from this devil's

He subbed his hands over his face and even and, with my assistance, started up to his feet, saying, as he looked quickly and eagerly around

"I don't half understand this yet! Where is Flora? Miss Sebastian?

"Gone to get some of her father's out-throats to take you prisoner? She drugged your coffer, and put you in a stupid sleep, intending to have you conveyed away from here before you could wake again. Her father is the captain of the you conveyed way. Her father is the captain of the desperadoes that have long been prowling about this region. I have discovered all. It was he and Fiora that caused the kidnapping of Alice Brandon, so Providentially rescued by me."

"Gracious Heaven! what do you say? Am awake now ! or do I dream !

"You are awake now, Ernest—you do not dream—I tell you the fearful truth—and oh! arouse all your senses, all your faculties, and get away from this devil's den before it be too get away from this devil's den before it be too late! Even now the black girl of this old bel-dam here has gone to get help, to prevent the escape of both—perhaps to murder us?"

"Do you hear this? and is it true?" cried

"Do you hear this? and is it true?" cried Ernest, now fully aroused to his danger and turning fiercely upon the old woman.

"Thar—thar—don't—"

"Ha! I remember now—you were sick—and Flora and I sat up with you! Was that a sham? Speak! quick! before I get wild and wring your neck!"

"The truth Mer. Blodget!" cried I don't make the than the limit of the state of the st

The truth, Mrs. Blodget!" cried I, flourishing one of my pistole; "the truth! unless you want to die!"

She fell down on her knees, and held up her aged, strivelled, trembling hands imploringly.

"She axed me to do it, and what could I say mounting; and now let us away i Mine, or rather to her as had sich power ?" she answered, de

oatingly.
"Who asked you to do it?" demanded Ernest.

" Miss Flora."

Then it is all true? you confess to all ?"

"Thar! don't kill me, good dear!"
"The truth, or I will!" Yes, I confess to all."

"And what was to have been done with I don't know that yar-'deed I doesn't !" "Come on, Ernest!" said J, taking hold of his arm; "we are in danger here! I can tell

you the rest. Let us hurry away while we can ! He rubbed his temples, as if still a little confused, and then answered

"I put him in the etable." "Quick, then—come with me! I hope we shall find him there now, for we shall need him. thing to do with him, for she went in that di

ection! Have you your pistols with you?"
Ernest felt for them, but they were gone.
"I had them before I went to sleep," cried, turning fiercely upon the old woman, "they are gone now, and I have been robbed." "No, I jest tuk 'em, afeard you'd hurt your blessed self!" raturned Mrs. Blodget. "Pil git

I kept by her side while she went into the other room and took them down from behind some dishes which she kept on a shelf. I ex amined and found them still loaded; but I shook out the old priming and put in some fresh, and by that time Ernest was ready to accompany me. I would have stopped longer to question the old woman closely about many things which I did not think it best to remain another minute in a place so every way perilous. I therefore ordered her not to show herself at the door, nor

call out, at the risk of being shot; and, taking the arm of Ernest, I hurried him away toward the stable. On the way thither, I discovere "Up, Ernest! up, and come with me! for that he walked unsteadily, with a staggering that he walked unsteadily, with a staggering That blackers is danger here—danger, if not death! iroset! Ernest! up! up! awake! awake!"

I shook him hard all the while I was speak.

I shook him hard all the while I was speak.

ing; but he still slept on—a dull, heavy, stupid for on his active exertions his life now de

To our great satisfaction we found the horse of Ernest in the stable, with the bridle and saddle where he had placed it himself, after he had consented, at Flora's earnest request, to pass the night with her under Dame Blodget's roof.

had consensed, at rioras samest request, to pass
the night with her under Dame Biofget's roof.

And here, to keep my marrative together in
proper order, let me relate, in as few words as
possible, what I subsequently learned, of the
manner in which the artful Flora Sebastian had
managed to deceive and insuars my friend.

From the time he had left her father's house
in her company, up to the period of his forgetfulness, no girl or woman had ever made herself
more faceinating. In fact, so great had been
her powers in this respect, and so sweetly charming her blandishments, that Emest frankly confessed himself in danger then of forgetting his
engagement to Alice Brandou, though her name
had once or twice been mentioned by the artful
Flora in gentie praise. During their ride across
a lonely country, she had been all life and animation, earting every power she possessed to
please and charm, and with such effect that they
had reached their dectination ere he had supposed himself half way there. She had entered
the house alone, requesting him to take the
horses down to the stable and feed them, saying
there was no man-servant about the place. On
entering the house himself, he had found the old horses down to the stable and feed them, saying there was no man-errant about the place. On entering the house himself, he had found the old woman lying on a bed, in one corner of the first apartment, apparently very weak and in great pain, with the black girl kneeling beside her and orying, and the tender-hearted Fiora sitting in a chair and holding one of her hands. On feeling her pulre he had fancied her feverish, and regretted he had come to visit her without his medicines, which had been left at home. There were some nostrums in the house, however, which the dame declared had once or twice relieved her during a similar attack, and he had ventured to give her one of these—after which she had apparently fallen into a quiet sleep.

To make a long story short, Flora had per-

To make a long story short, Flora had per-suaded him to remain there with her al' night, and had continued her fascinations in so suc-ocesful a manner, that, to use his own words, he had quite fallen in love with her. At day

he had quite fallen in love with her. At day-light the black girl had made some excellent coffee, and set before him and Flora some plain, but palatable food. They had both eaten and drank, and he remembered nothing afterward till awakened by me from his lethargic eleep. What Flora intended to do with my friend in the end, I can only surmise. Bhe was madly in love with him, and her design probably was to have him carried off by the outlaws, so that she could secure him to herself. Perhaps she bereelf had no fixed design beyond getting him completely in her power, to be governed in the future by the circumstances which might arisa.

As it was important that Ernest should know As it was important that Ernest should know what strange events had happened since we had parted the day previous at Captain Rebastian's, I hurriedly and briefly narrated the facts, while we busied ourselves in putting the saddle and bridle upon his horse.

"Gracious Heaven!" he at length exclaimed; "can all this he true?"

"Gracious Heaven!" he at length exclaimed;
"can all this be true?"

"Every word, Ernest."

"And I, like a simple fool, idling my time away, with that guilty wretch of a girl, while all my friends were in peril!"

"And are still, I fear!"

"Oh, let us away from here! and home, home, with all speed! Fool, fool, have I been!"

"Naw do not have reward! Ernest!! You

"Nay, do not blame yourself, Ernest! You did but act as any gentleman might under the circumstances. You had faith in the girl."

efroumstances. You had faith in the girl."

"And but for you, I should have oeen carried off, a helpless prisoner, and perhaps all my friends murdered in their heds! Stupid fool that I was, to be so criminally blind!"

"Do not stand here accusing yourself be-

cause you did not know more, for only by acci-dent, or Providence, did I discover what I have revealed?"

" Graciona God! to think of the volcano that "Gracious God! to think of the volcano that has been burning and seetbing beneath us! and we living on in such innocent, unconscious simplicity! To think that the high-toned Rebastian, one of the trusted leaders of the Regulators, should be the captain of a band of deeperadoes! and his beautiful and accomplished daughter a vile accomplice! Ah, my friend, I can scarcely credit the statement, even coming from your lips."

"Well, let us waste no time here in words! You will soon have evidence, I fear, of a more

You will soon have evidence, I fear, of a more terrible nature! There! your horse is ready for Miss Flora's, is tied back here in the bushe and I will try to keep you company, though I confess I feel very weak and faint."

"Good heavens, Leslie, you are ill!" cried Ernest, as his eye now fell upon me "you are as white as a sheet and trembling like an aspen !" I did now indeed feel very sick and faint; and but for the necessity of keeping up, to save my life and the lives of my friends, I should have yielded at once and thrown myself down where I was. I started to leave the stable, in which we had saddled the horse, and found my head swimming and limbs staggering. I should have fallen but for the support of Ernest, who, as he threw his arm around me, exclaimed, in

"My dear, dear friend, you are really Ill!" " Don't be alarmed!" I said. very well, I think, after I get to my horse."

I had scarcely uttered the words, when I was seized with a violent chill, and shook so that all my teeth rattled "Ob, merciful Heaven!" he exclaimed; "I

fear you are attacked with fever! If you get sick here, what will become of us?" to say, though every word was literally shaken out of me. "Go! go! don't stay for me; but get to Colonel Brandon's with all speed, and tell them all you know! You may be in time to save them!"

"But I must take you with me, my dear friend! I will not leave you here to perish!"

"I fear I am not able to sit my horse, Ernest."
"Oh, for God's sake, rouse yourself, with all

your will, as you told me, and throw this sick-Alas! It seems as if I have no will left!"

said I, despairingly.

"I will take you up in front of me and hold

you"
"And the attempt will cause us both to fail!" said I, feeling that I could not make any effort, even to save my life. "No, no, Ernes! for the love of God, ride away while you can and save our friends! Every minute now is precious!

That black girl will soon be back with the party she has gone to seek, and then I fear it will be ' No, no, Leslie-I will no: leave you !"

"Then we shall both perish instead of one,

"Come, come let me help you on the horse "Come, come—let me bely you on the horse! Oh, do, do, my dear friend, make the trial!"

I was now shaking so violently, and felt so utterly prostrated, tha: I did not even reply to him. He hurriedly took off his cost and wrapped it around me, and thus tried to impart to me some warmth. It did no good, however. I shook and shook, in every nerva, muscle and home. The chill lasted some five minutes longer recedent minutes and then it was followed.

precious minutes—and then it was followed by a burning heat, a hot dry skin, bounding pulse, burried breathing, and intense thirst. I knew I was new the victim of a raging fever, of an inflammatory type; and, under the direcu-stances, I feared I should never behold the face of another friend in this would. of another friend in this world.

While Ernest was talking to me, in accents of deepair, pleading for me to keep up for an hour or two longer, we were both startled at bearing

"There," grouned I, "I fear all is lost even

CHAPTER XXIV.

PARTING AND MERTING Ernest sprung to the door of the stable, cle

it, and perped out through some chinks.
"The Lord deliver us!" he sisculated, in a low, anxious tone. "Here comes a party of eight or ten mounted men-strangers some of them quite ruffianly-looking fellows! What is

' For God's sake, fly while you can, Ernest !' "And leave you, Lealie, after all you have

"But you cannot aid me against them, and shall both be taken!" Bo be it then! Better die with honor that

live in diagrace!"
"But our friends-vour father, mother, Alice Cors-think of them Ernest!

"You have already warned them, Leelle, and more I could not do if I were to desert you. Bu these men may not stop here after all. They are heading this way, it is true; but their business is probably beyond, with the others you od Can we not secrete ourselves som
Yes—there is a quantity of hay pile up yonder-let ue hide ourselves in the middle of that. Come, Leslie, I will assist you."

up yonder—let us hide ourselves in the middle of that. Come, Leslie, I will assist you."

It would be a terrible thing to fall into the hands of a gang of ruffians, and I made a desperate effort to avoid it. Arsisted by my friend, I was soon mounted upon the hay. It was about to follow, when it occurred to me, that if these fellows should stop and look into the stable, and find the horse saddled, they would be more likely to earth, for use then if there be more likely to search for us than if there were nothing on his back and he hitched by a mere halter. I hurriedly whispered this to Ernest, and asked him if there were time to

strip the beast before being discovered.
"At least I will make the effort," be an in the same cautious manner, and as once set about the task.

The voices every moment now grew louder and I trembled lest Ernest should not have time to finish his work before they should be upo

him.
"Here's a stable, and thar's a house," I presently heard one of them say; "let's see what's inside of 'em."

No, some on!" returned another; " got no time to stop. If Kingston gits in ahead of us, we'd be blamed."
"That won't no hurt come of jest looking in,"

rejoined the first speaker, " and I'm agwine

Just at this moment Ernest appeared on the mow; and hurrying back to one corner, we threw ourselves down together, and pulled the hay well over us. There we lay, perfectly quiet, half holding our breaths, and listening intently. A burning fever was on me still, and I prayed that the ague might not return and thus le my discovery.

The stable door was shortly thrown open

and we heard a voice say, with an oath:
"A good looking hose here, by ——!"
"Well, come on, Dan—we've nothing to vere in the day-time!" said another.

"Hallo, weuch! who do you belong to?" we now heard called out by a different speaker and

in better language.
"In dar yar-Missus Blodget," we heard anmin dar yar-Missus Blodget," I says, Marsers, aint you ob den!

Who, wench? we don't understand signs."

Ha! do vos know him?"

"Guess I does—some."
"She one of them too?" probably referring to Dame Biodeet

Reckon, sar! If you's der capyin, I's go so'thing to tell var private.

This way then.

What was further said between these two could not hear; but as Nelly had run off to get help, I supposed it to be something concerning ourselves; and, to confess the truth, I felt good deal slarmed.

Soon after this the men all started on, and all ore became quiet around the stable Thank God, they have left us!" e aculate

they do not return. " How do you feel now, Lealie ?"

am sorry to say, no better. And yo "I had almost forgotten myself, in thinking

of you, my friend. My bead is still rather giddy but if you can only hold out till we reach ou friends, I shall do very well." It was such a relief to rest myself there in th

hay, that I did not feel like making an imme diate attempt to resume my journey. There were a few minutes of such peaceful quiet, that is spite of my fever, I began to lose myself in sleep, when Ernest startled me with the words

elsep, when Ernest startled me with the words.

"Hark! I do believe the scoundrels are coming back to search for us—probably directed thither by the old woman, or the black girl! Hush!

We could now hear some three or four pe sons talking together, and presently the stable

"You see, if they'd come yere," said a grut ice, "it 'ud ben for the hoss, and they'd a pu bridle and saddle on to him. bridle and saddle on to him. No, the old wo man's mistcok—they've put off afoot."

"We mought s'arch the building anyhow,"

suggested another. What's the use, Dan? They got off a righ smart bit ago and they wouldn's be hiding yer fore anybody come about to skeer 'em

'd ben a fixing up the hoss, and we'd found him all ready to travel. "In course we would," put in a third.
"Wall, I'm agwine to take a look," persisted

the one called Dan.

the hors and goes."

Presently we heard the horse led out of the stable, and at the same time became aware that some one had mounted the mow where we were. We felt that the critical moment for us had now arrived, and we fairly held our breaths with in-tense anxiety. Should we be discovered, all would be lost, and the man searching for us was within a few feet of us. We could hear him moving about on the mew, and presently his foot presend the hav down beside my face. I feit sure now that all was lost; but fortunately we were well covered; and one of his comrades called to him at the same moment, saying that they were about to nuch on. arrived, and we fairly held our breaths with in they were about to push on.

"Ay! ay!" be answered, and immediately

hurried away.

Even then I was not sure he had not discovered us and gone to inform his companions of the fact, nor did I breathe easy till I heard him tell the others we were not in the barn, and the voices of all gradually died away in the

Saved, thank God !" I whispered then "Thank God indeed I' returned Ernest. "And yet, Leelle, but for your fore thought, in having the beaut stripped, we should surely have been discovered! Ah, me! what is to be done now that they have carried off my house?

"Perhaps the other may be left for you Ernest; and if so, you must leave me and rid to Colonel Brandon's with all speed!"

But how can I leave you, Leelie ?" "What good can you accomplish by re malning, Ernest? I am weak and ill as it is and if I get worse, what can you do for me here! No, go, and tell our friends all, and then you can send a party for me."

"But can you not go with me now, Leelie?" "Hat can you not go with me now, Leslier"
"I dare not attempt it, my friend. I am completely exhausted for one thing, and feel that I must have some sleep. If I were to set out now, I might faint by the way and find myself in a worse place; and I should, even at the best, be a great hindrance to you. No, no, my dear friend—go on, if you are able, and send me assistance as soon as you can. Do not be alarmed friend—go on, if you are able, and send me as sistance as soon as you can. Do not be alarmed about me! I feel comparatively comfortable where I am, and I am almost certain a few hours of sleep will be of great benefit to me."

I still had considerable difficulty in persuading my friend to leave me, but at last succeeded He shook hands with me, with tears in his eyes

and said, in a choking voice:
"God bless you, Leelie! It pains me to th heart to leave you thus but necessity compels Keep up your courage, do not despair, and I will

soon get assistance to you!" "Be very, very cautious, Ernest, not to fall into the hands of these desperadoes, who seem to be all about the country, gathering from all quarters for their wicked work! God grant that we may be able to foil and punish them! There-Heaven be with you! Good by! good

He pressed my hand in silence and turn In another minute he had gone, and I was again alone.

Soon after Ernest's departure, I was seizes with another violent chil, which lasted some five minutes; but I was thankful he was no present, lest he might have refused to leave m at all. My clothes were still wet; but the hay around me had a comfortable feel; and after all the fatigues, excitements and perils I had passed through, I thanked God that my present situa-tion was no worse. I did not in the least deepair. I felt that I should eventually pass safely through all my troubles to the hap scenes for which we all seek in this world whether high or low, rich or poor, old or young though the ends sought may be as various as the individuals, and the means to attain them a

ifferent as each from the other. The ague was again succeeded by a fever heat, some pains, and such a burning thirst that determined to quench it. I remembered naving seen a cattle trough in the yard-an old log hollowed out, and now of course full of water—and at the risk of discovery I resolved to reach it and drink my fill. I had not touched a morsel of food since my supper the night be ore at Colonel Brandon's; but I had no appetite now—only a wild desire for drink—and so in tense was this that I thought, if I were about to be put to death, with only one request to be granted me in this world, I would ask for water I remembered, too, the raging thirst of the old negro Cato, and the beneficial effects that had followed the gratification of his desire, and I now determined to satisfy my own, hoping of

Accordingly I crawled out of the hay and went to the door, feeling weak and giddy. The clouds were beginning to break, as if the storm was coming to an end. All was still around and no person in eight. I reached the trong and drank, and drank, till I was satisfied. The I crawled back to my bed in the hay, and soon after fell asleep, my last thought being of Cora

I siept for several hours, and awoke in great perspiration, still feeling weak, but considerably refreshed in body and mind. The storm had cleared away, and the sun of midday was now shining beautifully, as I could see through the crevices of the log structure. A ray of sunligh even streamed down upon the soot where I lay, as if to give me hope and comfort. I now felt comperatively comfortable where I was, but

What of Ernest La Grange? caped? had he reached Coloner pranti-and if there, what excitement would be cause had he reached Colonel Brandon's by his narration! and would not one heart beat than all others to hear of my adver ready assembled there in sufficient numbers to sally forth on the off-nsive? and would they or others come immediately to my rescue?

There was a secret satisfaction in feeling tha should me missed, and that one heart at least would tremble for my safety. Ah! it is sweet to feel, even in the depths of woe, that the one living being, whom we prize above all others, is orrowing with us, though that very sorrow in turn cause us a pang of regret.

I fell asleep again, and had troubled dreams and when I awoke the second time, the sun was far down toward the western bor son. not feel worse than before, and I fancied I was might venture out on my homeward journey. It reemed like great undertaking, however, and I was by no means certain my strength would carry me safely through. My pulse still indicated considerable fever, my mouth felt parched, and my skin dry and hot. And yet there was less o apathy, less of prostration, and more of a de

sire to move.
I finally rose to my feet; but everything swam

"Just you hunt away then, whilst we takes around me, my sight grew dim, and I fell back with a chaking chil

From that sime, for several hours, I lost all recollection. Perhaps I was in a state of stu

I next remember of finding myself in utte I next remember of noting mysest in the darkness, and hearing voices speaking in low hushed tones. Then there seemed to be the opening of a door, and I distinguished the words, coming from the lips of my friend:

"Gracious God! if he should not be here!"

I beard all this—for my bearing seemed to be very scute—and yet in such a condition was my mind, that I fancied the sounds were miles

Leelie, my dear friend, are you here?" w

now anxiously spoken by Ernest La Grange.
"Pahaw!" thought I; "what is the use his asking me such a question as that, and miles away? Of course I am here, wherever be, and any fool might know it; but if I at-tempt to call out loud enough to send my voice back to him, I shall be as big a fool as he, and

"Leslie! Leslie! do you hear me? "Ay, ay-well enough!' I thought; "but you expect me to reply to you, you will be disappointed, unless you have the good sense to come nearer. I at least am no fool, if you

"Ob, my God!" I heard him groan; "wh did I leave him? Perhaps he has licious and ran off—perhaps they have captured him—perhaps be is dead!"

He may be askep!" suggested another

"At least I will soon know the worst," re plied Ernest; and I heard him mount the hay and come towards me.

Then it was, without yet comprehending where I was, or what was my condition, I was suddenly seized with the strange idea that he had become a robber and come to murder me and if I could have got away from him, I should

The next moment he was feeling in the hay and his hand laid hold of me. Instinctively tried to shrink away from his touch. "Ah, God be praised! he is here and alive

self impelled to grapple with him with all

My mad desire now was to seize him by the throat and strangle him; and had we been left to ourselves, I fear I should have accomplished my horrible design. I did get him by the throat

and bore him back upon the hay, with mysel Help! help! he is mad-furious-be

"Help! help! he is mad—furious—he is choking me!" I heard him exclaim. Others sprung forward to his assistance, and I felt myself seized and overpowered, and my arms finally pinioned, though I all the time

ought like a tiger. At last I resolved to struggle no more, but usefly yield to my fate.

Then they took me up and carried me out into the open air, where there were many others who came up and surrounded me; and I heard those in charge of me tell the others what had happened, and express sorrow for my condition and say I was wildly delirious.

" Foels !" thought I. " how little you know o

he condition of a gentleman!"

Then lights flashed around me, and I saw Alice and Cora Brandon, and one was weep-ing. The sight affected me strangely; and then I thought they were two angels sent from I thought they were two angels sent from Heaven to save me, and I cried out:

"God bless you, sweet, ministering spirits!"

They bore me into the house of Dame
Blodget, (though I knew not where it was then, and laid me on a bed; and a fiend came and drew blood from my arm; and the ministering spirits came and hovered over me; and I began to feel happy; and at last I fell into a swee and tranquil sleep, and dreamed of love and Core Brandon. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

Steaming, by means of a steam-engin ejecting steam through pipes, is the latest nevelty for cleaning the facule of public buildings in Paris. The process is quick.

Constitution of the United States as framed in 1787; it has since been thoroughly oarded and shingled

The English papers state that "Aunt Margaret's Troubles," a novel that has had quite Dickens.

A recent debate in the Massachusetts

Senate, in relation to the prayers of the chap lain, recalls an incident that happened in the same body a few years since. The chaplain, previous to prayer, was proceeding to speak of the need of attention on the part of Senators to the daily prayer, when he was interrupted by l'helps, informing him that it was not in order for any person not a member to address the Senate, and that any communication he desired

to make could be presented in writing.

Count Bismarck is credited with a be
med which makes everybody smile but Louis N poleon: They were talking of the results of the late war before the Prime Minister. "Prussia," some one remarked, "has had the line of the Maine; Italy has had Venetia; Russia has the East at her disposal; but France?" "France," the Prime Minister of King William replied well she has her Exhibition

LT A Russian general of artillery has just ed after having deposited in the Bank of St Petersburg a sum of £8 000, to remain at in terest until the year 1925, the anniversary o the death of the Emperor Alexander I. then to be given to the author of the best his-tory of that sovereign. The sum will then

young lady, member of a family ch, although not wealthy, is comfortably of in this world's goods, was recently to be mar-ried. Handsomely engraved cards were sen out by the relatives and friends, but about two weeks before the wedding it was found that there were not cards enough to "go round." Instead of having more struck off, the young lady called on some of her neighbors and asked them to return the cards that had been sent them, as she wished to send them to others

A Second Adventist in New York State has for ten years been feeding a big ox for a feast when Christ should appear. He has starved his other stock and spent nearly all his operty in purchasing food for that ox.

fellow-creatures can only judge what we are by what we do: but in the eve our Maker what we do is of no worth, except as it flows from what we are.

Military Education for Colleges.

A plan has been prepared for the military edu-cation of our college youth. It was detailed be-fore the American Social Science Association by Dr. Sears, the President of Brown University. He became interested in the subject in consequence of calling on the Secretary of War in regard to a high military officer whom it was proposed to entrust with military instruction in that institution. As that officer could not be spared, Dr. Sears was referred to another not in Washington, who can be a not in Washington, who, on hearing of Dr. Sears's plane, accompanied him to that city, and ed him, so that he was examined before the committee, and the bill was modified in co sequence, so as better to suit the college system of the United States. The plan brought before Congress is to introduce a military education for colleges, so that the body of our educated men may, among other things, be fitted for the duties of officers in addition to those educated at West Point. Instead of going to the expense of sizestablishments like West Point, it is proposed that in these colleges every officer shall have ar assistant—a graduate of West Point—detail to teach the military art and application of studies, at the same time pursuing himself a course of appointed studies, thus keeping up and carrying forward his own intellectual progress. The effect of this on West Point students would be that the present short course would be sufficient for those in whom the mere fighting powers along prevailed. But a longer course would be opened for higher minds of a more literary and studio turn of mind. At present the cadets come with out much literary preparation, and in four year the education must be chiefly mathematical and moral, though of the highest consequence -cannot be thoroughly taught. About five ixthe of the West Point education is embraced

in an ordinary college course.

If a military education can be engrafted on a practical civil education, it will be of much imortance. The advantage to the present college s obvious, as the defective nature of their sys tems of physical education is one of the greater sources of failure. Such young men want daily exercise to develope manly forms, and will study far better for the daily military exercise and with fewer college pranks. The real question in-volved is whether military education is to be centralized or diffused among the whole people?
As a nation, all the powers of war possessed by any other people must be possessed by us for safety. And yet it is of the utmost importance that they should not be put first as the chie end of education, but only as a part of it. All these powers should be under the control of those taught to place intelligence, wisdom, jus-tice and good-will as matters of far higher value than military power. Academies will naturally teach much of the drill.

Such was the substance of some of the most important views on college military education developed by President Sears, the other evening before the Social Science Association. It is important in its relations to the future welfare of

More About " Artemus Ward." some reminiscences of the late humorist. make a few extracts:

A curious adventure befel him on his way North, and we give it as told to us by himself. In a village of Southern Ohio, Browne and a in a vinage of Southern Unio, Browne and fellow "jour" found themselves completely "strapped," and with no prospect of obtaining work or help of any kind. Browne's companion hit on a lucky idea. Browne was to remain quiet at the hotel whilet his companion made acquaintances outside and by his remarks led the people to believe that Fletcher Webster was stopping in town. The scheme succeeded The magnates of the town hastily gathered and paid their respects to "Fictcher Webster," who soon found himself holding a levee, attended by nearly all the population.

A complimentary supper was given and pre sents forced upon him. When the pair took their departure, a day or two afterwards, the landlord refused to take any pay, cateeming the honor of entertaining a near relative of the "Great Expounder" to be more than an equivalent for the board and ledging furnished. Unhappily, however, the trick was discovered soon after the pair of friends left the place, a warrant was issued, and they were pursued by the con-stable and landlord. The fugitives seized a hand-car and attempted to escape by its means on the track, but were overhanled brought back and locked up. The Justice, however, either found the law had no hold on the practical jokers, or thought the whole affair joke, for they were allowed to go free.

"Sweet, Sweet Home,"

A Boston man, who wanted to trade in ma-hogany, sugar, honey, beeswax and hides, lived at Barz, a little palm town on the coast, near the beautiful plains and mountains of Anna. He had a little house that was built of palm-tree bark and covered with palm leaves. At last he had a house made of pine boards at home, al fitted ready to put up. This was put on ship board and carried to Barz and he put it up, ha nicely ceiled, and thought he was very grand But the sun shruuk the boards, and very the seams in his nice new house were large enough to let in a bee; and in the bees went between the ceiling and the roof, between the ceiling and the weather boarding, into his closets under his chamber floors, up his chimneys, every where: and before three months so delight every crack and crevice overhead and round about with comb and honey, till it poure through the cracks and poured down on his head, and his house became such a sweet home" that he had to run away and leave it, or be stuck fast and drawn out, like a fly a cup, from his own great beehive

At a religious meeting among the blacks a colored preacher requested that some brother should pray. Thereupon half-witted Mose com-menced a string of words entirely without mean Who dat praying? Dat you, brudder Mose? You let somebody pray dat's better ac quainted wid de Lord."

It is a crime to sleep in church in Rhode poor Irishman who went into a Providence and took a quiet nap during service, was arrested, tried, and sent to

et no man be deceived as if the conta ns of the soul were less than those of the body. They are yet greater; they convey most direful diseases; they sink deeper, and creep on more unexpected!

BABY ON THE PORCH.

Out on the perch, by the open door, Sweet with roses and cool with shade, Baby is creeping over the floor,—
Dear little winsome blue-eyed maid!

All about her the shadows dance All above her the roses swing, Sunbeams in the lattice glance, Robins up in the branches sing.

Up at the blossoms her fingers reach, Lisping her pleading in broken words, Cooing away in her tender speech, Songs like the twitter of neetling birds.

Creeping, creeping over the floor, Soon my birdie will find her wings, Finttering out at the open door, Into the wonderful world of things.

ONE OF DANIEL O'CONNELL'S STORIES.—One of O'Connell's old stories used to be about a Missa Mussey. Her father made a will (said O'Connell,) disposing of the bulk of his fortune to public charities. When he was upon his death-bed, his housekeeper asked him how much he had left to Miss Mary. He replied that he had left the £1,000, which would do very well if she married any sort of a good husband. "Heaven blees your honor," oried the house-keeper, "and what decent man weuld ever take her with the nose she has got?" "Why, that is really very true," replied the dying father, "I never thought of her nose;" and he lost no time in adding a codicil that gave Miss Mary an addition of £150 a year as a set off sgainst her ugliness. ONE OF DANIEL O'CONNELL'S STORIES .- One

At East Lulworth, Mass., two years ago, a woman lost her wedding ring while engaged in domestic labors. A few days ago the identi-cal ring was found in dividing a large potato which she was peeling. The potato was grown in a field near the house.

When a young man marries, says the Arabs, the demon utters a fearful cry. His fellows immediately crowd around him and in-quire the subject of his grief. "Another son of Adam," he answers, "has just escaped my

The first lieutenant of the Viceroy of Egypt's yacht has just died, in consequence of exhaustion caused by too strict an observance of the Mohammedan fast of Rhamadan.

23 The admirers of Barns, who are, of course, familiar with "Old lang syne," will be startled by reading the following lines, written by Sir Robert Ayton, a century, more or less, before the birth of their favorite poet:

"Should old acquaintance be forgot And never thought upon, The flames of love extinguished, And freely past and gone.

"Is thy kind heart now grown so cold In that loving breast of thine, That thou could'st never once reflect On old lang syne."

The Chinese women who are to wait on restaurant at the Paris Exposition were pur-sed, it is said, in Canton for \$50 each.

It is understood that the Southern nters intend to petition all the theatrical managers to introduce a ballet in every play, upon ground that the demand for well-shaped egs will increase the demand for cotton.

Lamartine, the well-known French au-

thor, has always been a mendicant, but he is about to receive from the French government a grant of nearly \$100,000 as a national recognition of his literary services. The sum is to be inalienable, so that M. Lamartine can neither spend it nor be compelled to surrender it to his reditors. This will be good news to the French people, who have been for so many years pestered with M. Lamarsine's begging cir-

More murders have been committed by romen than men during the past three months, f we are to take the record of the whole country. Miss Carrie Cheever Pell, who was mar ried last week, had, among other things in her trousseau, twenty four pairs of different colored shoes to match the same number of dresses. This is a very gentle world if you do

ub its back the wrong way of the fur.

An Indianapolis lawyer has been sued or breach of promise, by a maiden lady of forty years, who lays her damages at \$40,000. lawyer is ten years her senior, of Falstaffian pro-portions. She probably thinks a man "worth

his weight in gold."

How to Stor a Horse - A new method of stopping a horse has been suggested by an ingenious Frenchman. By means of a special contrivance attached to the bit, the animal' noetrile may be taken hold of in an instant, and,

espiration being prevented, the horse must stop ministers of different denominations are settled. One is very popular, and draws the best audi-The unpopular preacher's society wish him to reeign, so they can get a "smarter or prefer charges against him. Here are the principal accusations: "In visiting one of his lady parishioners he sat in her parlor cross legged! The other is, "that he was in the habit of blowing his nose in sermon time."

Whenever you buy or sell, make a clear pargain, and never trust to, "We shan't disa-

gree about trifles.' A gentleman, a short time since, in converestion with a lady from _____, noticed par-ticularly her head-dress of shells, and inquired what they had cost. She answered that she did not understand the circulating coin of this city. What is the currency of . Wit and politeness, sir," was her reply, "which should be current everywhere,'

Punch is witty apropos of the weather: The slippery pavements were trying to all classes. Acrobats tumbled for nothin ost their balance; farmers grazed their shine; soldiers embraced the flage; tailors measured their length, and travellers tripped in all di-

Garibaldi has contributed fifty centimes towards the poposed monument to Voltaire, in France, accompanying his gift with the following

3

"A monument to Voltaire, in France, signi-fies the return of this noble country to its post of advanced guard of human progress in the fraternity of people. It is a good omen for the whole world, of which the immense man was citizen, and a terrible shock to the coalition of despotism and lying. Accept my obolus and all my gratitude.

G. GARIBALDI."

Forty-Eight Hours in a Day.

"We propose now to show," says the Scientific American, "that Monday, or any other week day, is forty-eight hours long; we mean that, during the whole of forty-eight hours. Monday is on the earth somewhere to be found. The Monday of this city is, of course, twenty-four hours long; but before and after our Monday there is Monday in some other quarter. When Monday begins in New York, there have been three hours of Monday in London, and for three hours after our Monday ends there will be Monday in San Francisco. Thus, between these places Monday lasts eighteen hours. Now, be Monday in San Francisco. Thus, between these places Monday lasts eighteen hours. Now, if the daily line were at our antipodes, Monday would begin there twelve hours before ours, and end twelve hours after ours. Thus, for the space of forty-eight hours, the earth is not rid of Monday. The fact may be illustrated in an-other way. Suppose we are at the day line. Monday begins there, and in twenty-four hours along comes Threaday. But just west chalf an along comes Tuesday. But, just west, (half an inch if you please,) Monday began only an in-stant before it ended east of the line. The Monday east of the line is twenty-four hours long, and west of the line is the same length, and, in all, Monday lasts forty-eight hours."

Blood Stains.

Among those popular fallacies, writes the British Medical Journal, which are not yet ex-plored, is that which ascribes (very falsely) to the stains of human blood a remarkable perma nence, and even power of "resppearing." A paragraph embodying this superstition is quoted from the Yorkshire Poet, and is going the round from the Yorkshire Poet, and is going the round of the papers. "Since the committal of John and Mary Watson, it has come to light, and is a matter of notoriety in the neighborhood, that blood-stains have made their appearance on the floor of the prisoner's house. Human blood-marke, as is well known, if washed out once, will stadully research and in the control of the prisoner's house. will gradually resppear; and, in this case, the to be sure, is a circumstance; but the wholestory is not the less absurd and utterly false Great misobief has been done by this foolish su-perstition about blood-stain; and a very unfair prejudice may easily be excited by applying it almost any given case.

JOLLY.—An Roglish paper calls attention to the fact that the alang sense in which the word "jolly" is often used is, after all, not slang. In "John Trapp's Commentary on the Old and New Testaments," published in London two hundred years ago, is to be read, "All was jolly quiet at Epheeus before St. Paul came thither." A century earlier, says a writer in Notes and Queries, the word is thus used by North, in his translation of Plutarch's Lives: "It (the wind, which some call cacias,) bloweth a jolly cool wind." So, without knowing it, our fast young men use this convenient word in its most classical sense. JOLLY .- An English paper calls attention to

The yacht Henrietta, whose winter Fleetwing and Vesta, has recently excited ac much attention, was more than ten times the size of the Mystery, (only 14 tons) which sailed from England around the Cape of Good Hope to

Several hundred women employed in the Lowell factories have held a meeting to con-sider their grievances—among which is their being forced to work eleven and twelve hours a ay. They advocate the ten-hour system, such a prevails in New York and Pennsylvania.

Hanging, in Montana, is styled "climbing the pine limb," and in Nevada, "early sing."

A cynical journalist says the reason so many marriages occur immediately after a great war is, that bachelors become so accustomed to strife that they learn to like it, and after the return of peace they enlist in matrimouy as the ext thing to war.
Topers should bear in mind that what

they quaff from the goblet afterwards appears in

the mug. Consolation for Office Holders.—
The Wisconein Journal published a long list of confirmations and rejections of office holders by the United States Senate, under the appropriate caption of "Many are called, but few chosen."

A fellow went to Saratoga for his health -to pick up a little-and picked up enough to send him to the State Prison for three years. This is recruiting with a vengeance.

A man struggled for years to color a

particularly obstinate meerschaum pipe. He kinds of tobacco, put a "button" in it, boiled it in tobacco juice, but all to no avail. It wouldn't color. He grew morose and sour, shut himself up by himself and smoked, and smoked, and smoked, muttering savagely from between his clenched teeth—"Color! I say. Blame ye, I ll color ye?" He gave up all businees, and devoted himself wholly to smoking, determined, as he said, to color that pipe or die in the attempt. One day he failed to make his appearance at sakfast. His room was opened, and there sat in his chair, dead, the fatal meers chaum clutched tightly between his teeth. The meerschaum was as white as when it first emerged Venus like, from the foam of the ses, but the man was turned a rich, dark brown.
The meerschaum had colored him!

Mr. Darling, Chairman of the Commit-

tee on Whiskey Frauds in the last Congress, reported that only one eighth of all the spirits distilled in the United States in 1866 had paid the Government tax. If the other seven eighths had been honestly returned, the people might have been almost free from other burdens of

"The Organic Vibrator" is the name given by a clever Englishman to a small instrument which fits in the ear, is not perceptible, and thus the unpleasant sensation of singing noises in the head is entirely removed. It affords immediate relief to deaf persons, and en-ables them to hear distinctly at church and pub-

LE A friend of impartial justice, wants to know why so much more attention is paid to the North than to the South Pole? He does not understand the reason for the preference given to one end of the earth's axes over the

It is reported that the "water" of an artesian well at Corpus Christi, Texas, which the people of that place have been using for rious disorders, turns out to be pure kero-

LOUIS NAPOLEON.—Victor Hago once said of Louis Napoleon, "He lies mute and motionless, looking in the opposite direction to his object, until the hour for action comes, then he turns his head and leaps upon his prey."

Fill ADELFINA CAFFER SAN AREA SAN AR turns his head and leaps upon his prey."

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The Paris Exposition.

Nearly all the eteamship lines connecting America with Europe have adopted special rates for passage between the two continents during the Paris Exposition. Thus the Cunard line has raised its charge to \$150 in sold for carrying passengers to Liverpool; the Inman line charges \$110 in gold to Liverpool, or \$200 in gold from New York to Paris and return : French line \$165 in gold to Paris, and the Great Eistern \$160 in gold to Paris. The Great Eistern will arrive at New York about April 1st, and expects to take 8,000 passengers back to Europe. It is thought that the Exhibition and its surroundings will not be complete before the 1st of May, so that visitors need be in no hurry to experience the high price of living in Paris.

BUYING VOTES -In England, where vote for members of l'arliament are bought and sold in many places, the question is raised whether this is not legal. A vote is claimed by some as a right; if a right, why may it not be sold? Others contend that it is a trust, and must no; therefore, be exercised for money. In England, also, an advocation, or the right of presentation to a church living, is a matter of open bargain and sale, though an infinitely more important trust than a vote for a member of Parismen Both are questions that need to be settled.

THE LADY'S PRIBNE

RPLENDID INDUCEMENTS FOR 1867.

The proprietors of this favorite monthly, be leave to call the attention of their patrons and the public to their spiendid arrangen onts for the coming year. Preserving all their old and valued contribu tors, they have now on hand, in addition to shorter stories and sketches, the following novelets, which

ORVILLE COLLEGE, new story by Mrs. HENRY WOOD, author of

"East Lynne," "The Channings," &c., &c

EHOW A WOMAN HAD HER WAY.

By ELIZABETH PRESCOTT, author of " Told by the Bun," &c.

NO LONGER YOUNG.

By AMANDA M. DOUGLAS, author of "In Trust." &c.

DORA CASTEL.

By FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

Mrs. Wood writes that her story will run throug the year. It will begin in the January number. These will be accompanied by numerous shorter stories, poems, &c., by Florence Percy, Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton, Miss Amanda M. Douglas, Miss V. F. Townsend, August Bell, Mrs. Hosmer,

Frances Lee, &c., &c. The Lady's Friend is edited by Mrs. HENRY PETERSON, and nothing but what is of a refined and elevating character is allowed entrance into its

The Fashions, Fancy Work, &c.

A Splendid double page finely colored Fashlot Plate, engraved on steel, in the finest style of art will illustrate each number. Also other engravings illustrating the latest patterns of Dresses, Cloaks, Bonnets, Head-dresses, Fancy Work, Embro

BEAUTIFUL STEEL ENCRAVINGS. The beautiful steel engravings which adorn Th

TERMS :- \$2.50 A YEAR.

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We offer for THE LADY'S FRIEND precisely The lists can be made up either of the Magazine, or of the Magazine and Paper conjointly, as may be

The Terms for Clubs of THE LADY'S FRIEND are also precisely the same as for THE POST-and the Clubs also can be made up for both Magazine and Paper conjointly if desired.

ID The contents of the Lady's Friend and of

The Post will always be entirely different. 17° Specimen numbers sent on receipt of 20 cts.

DEACON & PETERSON,

No. 319 Walnut St , Philada

THE MARKETS.

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR—There is a firm feeling in the market Slass of 7000 bils, chiefly North-West extra family, at 812013 30, including Pennsylvania and Ohio do, do, at \$11,50014; extras at \$5010.50; asperdine at \$209, and fancy at \$14 50017, according to quality. Rve Flour is selling at \$7,3787,50.

ORAIN—The market is nearly bare of prime Wheat. Sales of Pennsylvania red at \$2,7003,15, and California at \$3 20. Rye is held at \$1,400,50 for Western and Pennsylvania. Corn—Sales 4050 bus new yellow at \$1,1101,12. Oats—Sales of 2000 bus at 676,50c the latter rate for light Penna PROVISIONS—There is very little doing. Small lots are reported at \$25,5024 \$4\$ bid for new mess Pork, 150-150 \$60 For plain and fancy bagged Bacon Hams, 14014 \$60 for plain and fancy bagged Bacon Hams, 14014 \$60 for plain and fancy bagged Bacon Hams, 14014 \$60 for plain and fancy bagged Bacon Hams, 14014 \$60 for plain at \$170.20 for western, and \$20.223,50 \$40 for plain Lard, in bits and tes. Mess Beef sells at \$170.20 for western, and \$20.223,50 \$40 for plain Lard, in 1500 \$60 for for noild packed. Cheese is selling at 150.200 \$60 for New York factory. Eggs sell at \$25.026 \$60 for New York factory. Eggs sell at \$25.026 \$60 for New York factory. Eggs sell at \$1.000 \$1.000 bales of middlings sold in lots at 31.026 for uplands, and \$20.800 \$60 for New Orleans.

BARK—Sales lat No 1 Quercitron at \$15 \$60 for New Corleans.

BARK—Sales lat No 1 Quercitron at \$15 \$60 for New Corleans.

BARK—Sales lat No 1 Quercitron at \$15 \$60 for New Corleans.

\$1.50 S. and red ash at \$4.75 S.25 w ton, as to quality.
FEATHERS—Sales of prime western at \$50 Sec. HOPS—Prime new self at \$60 70c, and fair to good at \$60 50c w.
PLANTER—The last sale of soft was at \$5 w ton.
SEEDS—Cloudseed, 1500 hus sold at \$7.50 Sec. for old crop, and \$7.25 Sec. hus for fair to prime new. Timothy: \$400 hus sold at \$3.00 Sec. hus Flaxweed self at \$1.20 w bus.
Flaxweed self at \$1.20 w bus.
Flaxweed self at \$1.20 w bus.
BYIRITS—NE Rum self at \$2.76 Sec. 75 W gallon.
TALLOW—Sales of city rendered are making at \$10 Higg. and country at \$100 Sec. \$6 W WOOL—The demand is innoted. About \$100,000 has sold at \$4.65c for double extra; \$0.66c for extra \$3.66c for strain \$3.66c for strain; \$0.60c for extrain \$4.50c for coarse; \$5.60c for good to washed; \$5.60c for in-ferior do; \$5.60c for extra \$4.50c for strain \$4.50c for \$4.50c for strain \$4.50c for strain \$4.50c for strain \$4.50c for \$4.50c

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A New York paper, speaking about the im-portation of Canary birds from Germany, says that the following sight was seen in Florence, Italy, in 1841, by a lady and gentleman belong-ing in New York:

ing in New York:

"In walking in the principal street they overtook a m in with a long whip in his hand, which
he was moving from one side to the other in what they thought a strange manner. When they came up with him they found he was driv-ing a flock of Canary birds, as in England they drive a flock of turkies. A carriage came along and the man wavet his whip in a peculiar man ner, when the little birds all went to the side walk until the carriage passed, when they took the street again. A woman wanted to may one, when the man sprinkled some Canary seed at his feet, and half-a-dozen of them came to him when he took one up in his hand and delivere it to the woman, who prid him one franc The man then went on again."

Without the deer ladies we should be ut a stag nation

Dr. Radwny's Pills (Conted) Are Infailible As a Purgative and Purifier of the Blood.

Bile in the Stomach can be suddenly eliminated by one dose of the Pills-say from four to six is number. When the Liver is in a torpid state, when species of acrid matter from the blood or a serou fuld should be overcome, nothing can be bette than Radway's Regulating Pills. They give no un pleasant or unexpected shock to any portion of the system; they purge easily, are mild in operation, and, when taken, are perfectly tasteless, being elegantly coated with gum. They contain nothing bu purely vegetable properties, and are considered by high authority the best and fluest purgative known They are recommended for the cure of all disorder of the Stomach, Liver, Kidneys, Nervous Diseases Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Billousness, Billous Fever Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and symptoms resulting from Disorders of the Digestive Organs Price, 25 cts. per box. Sold by Druggists. mar 16-cow-tf

Hollowar's Pills.—Let nosufferer from chroni dyspepsia or liver disease despair; this remedy will inevitably perform the task the doctor has abandon ed, and restore the patient to health. Manufactory 89 Maiden Lane, N. Y.

MARRIAGES.

() Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 13th instant, by the Rev. Pennel Coombe, Mr. James H. Keyser to Miss Martha J. Bradt, both of this city.
On the 5th instant, by the Rev. Wen. O. Johnstone, Mr. John Ross to Miss Jane Whis, both of this city.
On the 19th of Dec. last, by the Rev. A. Manship, Mr. Cwarles B. Williams to Miss Mart E. Firman, both of this city.
On the 14th instant, by the Rev. Win. T. Eva, John Milles, Jr., to Miss Clatoine V. Rosson, both of this city.
On the 25th of Dec., 1866, by the Rev. J. G. Wilson, V. D. M., Mr. Sanues, Harris to Miss Anna Richardson, both of this city.

On the 25th of Dec., 1866, by the Rev. J. G. Will son, V. D. M., Mr. Sanuel Harris to Miss And Richardson, both of this city. On the 2th of Feb., by the Rev. Doctor Dales Mr. Harrismit Besslev to Miss Reflecta A. Cur Nikoham, both of this city.

BEATHS.

To Notices of Deuths must always be accompa-led by a responsible name.

At Berkley, New Jersey, on the 20th instant, Harry D. Thomas, in the 30th year of his age. On the 18th instant, Sarah B. Middleron, in her 65th year.
On the 12th instant, William B. Batterron, in his 68th year.

his 69th year.
On the 1-th limitant, ELIZABETH YOUNG, wife of S. J. Allen, in her s2d year.
On the 17th limitant, MARY E. PATTERSON, aged On the 17th instant, Mr. GRORGE J. CHAPMAN, in

On the 17th instant, John M. Thompson, in his 32d year.
On the 16th instant, John M. Thompson, in his 33d year.
On the 16th instant, Mrs. Catharing, wife of Peter Courad, in her 62d year.
On the 15th instant, Thomas P. Brower, in his

19th year.
On the 16th instant, Frances Byers, in her 40th

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BRANDRETH'S PILLS. These Pills are safe and sure. They are prepared by a process which secures all the best qualities of the herbs of which they are composed, without any of their bid. They benefit in all cases, and do barm

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Scorch and Blast the fibres from tip to root. [[7" Avoid these berrible

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WIT AND HUMOR.

Anecdotes of Lord Mansfield.

Lord Mansfield was once presiding at a trial energuent upon a collision of two ships at sea, ben a common sailor, white giving testimony, id, "At the time I was standing about the bincile;" whereupon his lordship, with a proper seize to master the facts of the case, observed, Stanting and Stanting without you are that at nacis; whereupon his lordship, with a proper desire to master the facts of the case, observed, "Stay, stay a minute, witness; you say that at the time in question you were standing abaft the binnacle; now tell me, where is 'abaft the binnacle?'" This was too much for the gravity of "the sait," who immediately before climbing into the witness box had taken a copious draught of rum. Removing his eyes from the bench, and turning round upon the crowded court with an expression of intense amusement, he exclaimed at the top of his voice, "He's a pretty fellow for a judge! Biess my jolly old eyes!— [the reader may substitute a familiar form of imprecation on eyesight']—you have got a pretty sort of a land lubber for a judge! He wants me to tell him where abaft the binnacle is!" Not less amused than the witness, Lord Mansfield rejoined, "Weil, my friend, you must fit me for my office by telling me where abaft

Mansfell rejoined, "Well, my filend, you most fit me for my office by telling me where about the brancle is; you've already shown me the meaning of half seas over!"

On one occasion Lord Mansfeld covered his retreat from an untenable position with a sparkling pleasantry. An old witness named Kim having given his evidence with remarkable clearness, although he was more than eighty years of age, Lord Mansfield examined him as to his ha mode of living, and found that he had throughout life been an early riser, and a singu-larly temperate man. "Ay," observed the chief justice, in a tone of approval, "I have always found that without temperance and early habits longevity is never attained." The next witness longevity is never attained." The next witness, the elder brother of this model of temperance, was then called, and he almost surpassed his brother as an intelligent and clear-headed utterer of evidence. "I suppose," observed Lord Mansfield, "that you also are an early riser?" "No, my lord," answered the veteran stoutly; "I like my bed at all hours, and special-lie in the morning." "Ah! but like your brother, you are a very temperate man?" quickly asked the judge, looking out anxiously for the asfaty of the more important part of his theory. "My the judge, looking out anxiously for the more important part of his theory. "My lord," responded this ancient Elm, disdaining to habitual sobriety, "I plead guilty to a charge of habitual sobriety, "
am a very old man, and my memory is a clear a a bell, but I can't remember the night when I've a bell, but I can't remember the night when I've gone to bed without being more or less drunk." Lord Mansfield was silent. "Ah! my lord," Mr. Dunning exclaimed, "this old man's case supports a theory upheld by many persons, that havitual intemperance is favorable to longevity." "No, nc," replied the chief justice with a smile, "this old man and his brother merely teach us what every carpenter knows—that elm, whether it be wet or dry, is a very tough wood." Sir Fletcher Norton was noted for his want of

courteey. When pleading before Lord Mansfield on some question of manorial right, he chanced to say, "My lord, I can illustrate the point in an instant in my own person—I myself have two little manors." The judge immediately inter-posed, with one of his blandest smiles, "We all Sir Fletcher.

Mansfield was very intimate with the wits of his time, one of whom wrote of him,

"Graced as thou art with all the power of words So known, so honored in the House of Lords."

Another, of a more churlish nature, but not iess wit, Sam Johnson, at once humorously re-cognised Mansfield's merit, and betrayed his own hatred of the Scotch, by mentioning him as an instance of what might be made of a Scotchman who had been caught young."

Dutch Stoicism.

Irwin's steam eas-mill, which is a fine one, is a place of resort for sight seers. Not long ago a German cit on walked into the mill and watched the progress of the big circular saw with much interest. Its ripid motion fascinated him, and stepping up, he applied the index finger of his right hand to the ill defined periphers, when, much to his surprise, the end of the finger dissp peared at the second joint. Very placidly he bound up the stump. Just then Mr. Irwin en-tered, and the victim of misplaced confidence

consted him thus:-never comes to see your mills before. So I dakes mine finger like die (putting the index and mein Gott-" The unlucky German, in ex plaining his first mishap, touched the saw with knuckle. Turning to the proprietor, in almost speechless amazement, he finally stammered out Mr. Irwin, I comes to see your mills, not seen him before; I vill go avay and I never will vant to see him any more

The colonel of an Alabama regiment was fa mous for having everything done up in military going his tour of inspection, he came on a sen-tinel from the Eleventh Mississippi Regiment, sitting flat down on his post, with his gun taker entirely to pieces, when the following dialogue

took place:—
Colonel.—Don't you know that a sentinel, while on duty, should always keep on his feet?
Hentinel.—(Without looking up) That's the way we used to do when the war first began;

but that's played out long ago.
Colonel—(Beginning to doubt if the man was
on duty). Are you the sentinel here?
Sentinel—Well, I'm a sort of a sentinel.

Colonel. - Well, I'm a sort of officer of the day Sentinel. - Well, if you'll hold on till I sort of git my gan together, I'll give you a sort of sa-

A Ban Internation - Judge - who is one of the great States of this Union, when he first "came to the bar" was a very blundering case of replevia, involving the right of pre of hogs, he addressed the jury as just twenty four bogs in that drove—just twenty-four, gentlemen—exactly trace as many as there are in that jury loz!" The effect can be ima-

ET A gentleman in lows advertises for a wite "who wears her own hair, her own teeth, her own cheeks, her own 'buzzum,' and her



COMING TO AN UNDERSTANDING.

Young Squire Dashbords (to his betrothed).—"I say, Loo, when we start our matrimonial tandem, you know—you'll let me—that is—I should like to—eh?—what I mean—you won't mind taking the shafts, will you?"

Mrs. Partington's Last.

"What's the matter, dear?" said Mrs. Parting-ton, as Ike threw the morning paper, that he had been reading, down upon the floor, and stamped on it. "What makes you so abstropo-lus, Isaac?"

"They're goin' to stop the importation of fire

"They're goin' to stop the importation of fre-crackers," replied Iks, with a flourish of his stupendous fist.
"Well, well," said Mrs. P., as soothing in her tone as a poultice, "I don't see anything harmo-nious in that. And you need not be so pug-nascent about it, either; because it doesn't in-fect you anyhow."
"I'd like to know how they're going to keep Founth of Lule." origing an indignout.

"I'd like to know how they're going to keep Fourth of July," cried he, wiping an indignant tear from his eye. "Didn't John Quincy Adams tell us to burn all the tar-barrels, and ring the bells, and fire all the crackers we wanted to? And now Mr. Fessenden, only because they burnt his city down last Fourth of July, is going to stop their importation. I wish I was a member of Congress."

"Don't, Isaao," the old lady interrupting him,
"don't wish such a wicked thing as that; remember, you have got the family virtue to

She looked up, as she spoke, at the picture of the corporal of the bloody "Leventh" on the wall; a sigh raised the white kerchief on her breast, at the sight of that Spartan embodiment of virtue; and, giving lke a new three-cent piece that she mistook for a one, she relapsed into the stew then pending.

AFTER THE STORM.

BY HARRIET M'EWEN KIMBALL.

All night, in the pauses of sleep, I heard The moan of the Snow-wind and the ses, Like the wail of Thy sorrowing chi dren, O God!
Who cry unto Thee.

But in beauty and eilence the morning broke, O'erflowing creation the glad light streamed; And Earth stood shining and white as the souls Of the blessed redcemed.

glorious marrel in darkness wrought ! With smiles of promise the blue sky bent, As if to whisper to all who mourn Love's hidden intent.

Easy to REMEMBER -The length of the lantic cable from the point where it leaves Va-lentia Island to the spot where it landed at Heart's Content, is precisely 1,866 miles. It is singular coincider oe that its length should ex

"Prevention is better than cure," as the

AGRICULTURAL.

Cosmo's Column.

WRITTER FOR THE SATURDAY SYRNING POST

CRANBERRY CULTURE

Like the cultivation of all the other small fruits, that of the cranberry is every year be coming of more importance, and though the crop has been considerably more than doubled within the last eight years, the demand still runs largely the supply, and will continue to de for twenty years to come, though within that period the aggregate erop of 1867 should be quadrupled.

We are glad to see the cranberry becoming so

universally a favorite fruit; for in the first place among our whole list of fruits, foreign and do meetic, there is no other so wholes me or sue ceptible of being prepared as food in so great a variety of ways, all good. Secondly, through its sgency a great many thousands of acres of land, that for all other purposes would be totally worthless, will be utilized and turned to paying account. Then in the harvesting of the cran-berry crop, there is profitable work for little hands, as well as for those of women and the aged and infirm, and many maimed soldiers whom we shall have with us these many years yet. Whatever affords employment for such as there is a public blessing, and so we bless the scarlet swamp berries, and the good taste of the public that is every year bringing them more

The cranberry can be successfully and profitably cultivated wherever the situation and soil are suitable, from Maine to Mexico, from Cape May to California, and for family use may be grown in the vegetable garden with as little trouble as the strawberry.

We have of late had several letters of inquiry

We have of late had several letters of inquiry upon the subject of preparing for and putting in cranberries, and as the season for preliminary preparation is with us, we will give briefly and as plainly as possible, such rules as we have learned by some personal experience, and more by visiting the cranberry plantations of Cape Cod, Plymouth, and Maine, and observing there the most approved practice, which is applicable. the most approved practice, which is applicable to all parts of the United States where condi-

ions are suitable to the growth of the berry. There is an upland variety of cranberry that may be grown in gardens, or any suitable dry ground; but they are not so reliable or prollife bearers as the lowland or bog varieties, and we should not recommend their culture as a stananoual not recommend their culture as a stan-dard or market crop. For this the egg-shaped berry is preferable, as being hardler, a better bearer, and ripening its fruit from three to four weeks earlier than any of the other varieties. weeks earlier than any of the other varieties. For this kind of cranberry it is desirable to have a low, muck or peat swamp, with a stream of never-failing water running through it. First ditch the stream with a straight drain lengthwise, taking the course of the stream as nearly through the centre of the bog as possible, making the cut from two to three feet deep according to requirements, and the sides of the drain with an easy slope, the better to prevent wash-ing away and "caving in" This done, remove e surface hummocks and all inequali king it as nearly level as practicable in the direct tion of the course of the stream, but giving the surface a slight inclination from either side towards the ditch, so that all surface water will readily run off. It matters but little about the quality of the subsoil, so that it is not a stiff, tenacious clay, impervious to water; but it should have a covering of from five to six inches of good swamp muck, or peat first, and over this a layer of almost any kind of light, loose sand, free from stones, clay, and roots, or seeds of grass and foul weeds. Then having seeds of grass and foul weeds. Then having constructed a dam across the prepared plat at its lower side, having a slide gate, and raised high enough to admit of the entire surface being flowed to the depth of several inches at any time, the preparation for planting out the vines was be excluded complete.

may be considered complete.

During the spring, from the first of April to the end of May is the most suitable season for putting in the vines, though if a stage of water can be commanded so that it shall stand within ten or twelve inches of the sucface, planting may be successfully continued through the sum-mer and fall. But spring planting is best al ways, as the vines get well rooted during the n, while those planted later lose a year'

The newest and most approved practice of planting is to drop the vines on the surface in lines about five feet apart, and the plants as nearly as practicable eighteen inches from each other in the rows. Each vine is tramped into the soil with the foot as the planter progress with the work, and assistants following, cove with about an inch of light, loose sand. In th way the plat is most rapidly planted, and like e the vines are rather stimulated to more vigorous growth by the rough tramping practice of planting, however, is to purcture the ground with a thick pointed dibble, making rows of holes eighteen inches apart and abo nir deep. holes, press the soil about them lightly, and the

process is completed.

During the first season the plat should be kept clear of all weeds and grass with the hoe. After that no cultivation is necessary; only rushes, grass and weeds that may spring up, and will be likely to injure the plants by their pre-ernce, ought to be cut out clean and carried off. On the third year a medium crop may be experted, and the fourth season a maxim three bushels per square rod.

Though flowing is not an arbitrary requisite of cranberry culture, it is advisable wherever it can be conveniently done, as a flooding of from twenty-four to thirty hours duration twice du--the first during the latter part ring the season—the first during the latter part of May, and the second from the let to the loth of June, not only gives vigor to the vines, bu gipping to become troublesome enemies to crap berry culture. By keeping the surface flowed during the winter to the depth of a foot, the vines will be thoroughly protected from all da-mage by frost, rather benefitted than ir jured by the water, and there will be at the same time afforded a nice skating park for the young folks, and a supply of ice for summer stock. The water, however, should be drawn off about the 20th of March.

In conclusion, we advise every farmer every-where who has a waste corner too wet for good grass, grain, or any of the usual root crops, to prepare it properly and plant cranberry vines.
The fruit will pay large dividends these twenty
years yet. There is no question about that.

SPRING WHEAT.

Spring Wheat.

We have upon one or two occasions offered our ideas upon the propriety of putting in more spring wheat; particularly in localities where winter grain has never done as well as it ought, or where of late years it has been a failure from winter kill, or the depredations of fly, weevil or some other pest inimical to wheat.

Spring wheat of Italian, or the French T. varieties makes flour little inferior to that made from the best winter sorts, and as by proper management the yield per acre of spring sown wheat may be made to average very nearly that of winter grain, the argument in very many instances is strongly in favor of growing the spring crop.

crop.

The best policy to pursue where a good yield of spring wheat is expected, is to select a field where potatoes have followed corn, and the corn meadow or pasture, and that for both the cultivated crops has been liberally enriched with well rotted and distributed stable manure. Plough "down to the beam" as early as the ground is in fit condition to be stirred. Harrow thoroughly across the furrows, immediately after the plough, and close following the harrow, sow the plough, and close following the harrow, sow by drill, if that implement is among your farm ing outst, at the rate of five pecks per acre, setting the teeth well down that the seed may be got in at least three inches deep. As a rule all wheat sown is left too near the surface.

If the grain drill is wanting, have by all means a "Share's Cultivator Harrow" on hand,

and sowing broadcast at the rate of five pecks per acre, go over the field with the "Share's" machine at light draught, sweeping a breadth of seven feet at each "through," turning twelve light furrows at once, thoroughly disintegrating, leaving the soil light, and covering the grain effectually at just the proper depth. We look upon the Share's Coulter Harrow as one of the most valuable among the whole long list of improved agricultural implements.

The latest case of New England pork is that of a dressed "Leicester" twenty-month

that of a dreased "Leicester" twenty-months
pig that tipped the scales at a trifle over 1,200
pounds. Our "Chesters," and western Hespitallers will have to bristle up to beat that.

They are fixing things to turn large territories in Wisconsin and lows into hop yards.
Well, there is much money in hops, and the
wide-awake western farmers are hopping around ride-awake western farmers are hopping around in good season preparing to find it.

Concentrating oysters has become an ac-complished fact. A man may now pocket a moderate cargo of "Chincoteagues," and dine

deliciously on oyster soup out of a quart tin can
every day during a three weeks' march.

—In France they are making all sorts of
wearing apparel perfectly fireproof by a simple theap material and process that costs no more

than ordinary clear-starching.

—Pigs are becoming plentier in all this eastern range—potatoes will be in excess of demand next month—poultry has put down the price of eggs from fifty-five to thirty cents, and

ploughs are beginning to furrow the face of Mother Earth in many directions.

— Cries of: Free-sh-shad—Ol begin to be lengthened out along our streets, while sha-dows are gradually shortening—Sun getting higher and shad lower.

RECEIPTS.

Sago Sour .- Take three pounds of lean, beef slice of lean ham, and lay them in a stewns with a lump of butter; draw the gravy gently; add two quarts of water, and a sliced onion, which has been browned by frying in fresh but-ter; add a bunch of sweet herbs, six cloves, as blade of mace, a tablespoonful of allspice, and one of black pepper, whole; stew until the soup is rich and brown; remove the meat, strain the oup clear, and put it in a stewpan; thicken it

south clear, and put is in a steepan, and accommendation of VEAL with OVSTER SAUCE.—Rub the veal all over with salt and pepper. Cover it with buttered paper, and then with coarse paste; baste frequently, to prevent the paper and paste from burning; half an hour before serving, remove the paste and paper. Beat the white of an egg, add a very little loaf sugar, and wet the veal with the egg and sugar, withou leaving any lumps of the glazing, and brown i Prepare drawn butter with oveters and serve the sauce in a tureen. This sauce can be used with roast or boiled weal to good advantage, if oysters are plenty. Serve with mashed

POTAGE AUX NOULLES -Put half a pound of flour on the board, mix it with an egg, salt, a teaspoonful of chopped parsley. It makes a thick, dry pasts. Roll it with a pin, sprinkling ep it from sticking, till it is Roll it flat, and hang it over a chair back to dry. When it has dried half an hour, cut the paste in small narrow strips like a pencil. Put a pot of broth on the fire. When it boils,

drop in the noulles strips.

FRIED CLAMS.—Open carefully into a chop ping bowl, saving the liquor, but be careful that no gritty particles from the shell fall in; chop coarsely, break over them an egg, thicken lightly with flour, drop in a spoonful in plenty of butte

or fat. Fry slowly.

CLAN FRITTERS.-Like the above, with the difference of a cupful of sweet milk; two eggs Chop the clams quite fine.

LEMON HOSETCONS - Sweeten the juice of a

lemon to taste, and pour it into the dish you serve it in; mix the white of an egg that is beaten with a pint of rich cream and a little sugar; which it, and as the froth rises put it on the lemon juice. Do it the day before you wish to use it.

LENON CREAN .- Take a pint of thick cream and put it to the yolks of two eggs well beaten, 4 or, of fine sugar, and the thin rind of a lemon boil it up; then stir it till almost cold; put the juice of a lemon in a dish or bowl, and put the ream upon it, stirring it till quite cold.

COFFEE AS A DISINFECTANT. - Coffee is an ef fective disinfecting agent, as the following ex-periment will show:—A quantity of meat was hung up in a room which was kept closed until the decomposition of the meat was far advanced.

A chaing-dish was then put in, and some halfroasted coffee thrown on the fire. In a few mi-nutes the room was disinfected. The best way to effect this famigation is to strew ground cof-fee on a best tree place. rossted coffee thrown on the fire fee on a hot iron plate.

THE RIDDLER.

Shaksperean Rebus.

WRITTEN POR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

- A character in Henry VI.
 A character in Romeo and Juliet.
 A character in Midsummer Night's Dream.
- A character in The Tempesi.
- A character in Much Ado About Nothing.
- A character in Much ado About Nothing.
 A character in Merry Wives of Windson.
 A character in Two Gentlemen of Verona.
 A character in The Comedy of Errors.
 A character in The Comedy of Errors.
 A character in Cymbelios.

- A character in Macbeth,
- A character in King John.
 A character in King John.
 A character in Twelfth Night.
 A character in Merchant of Venice.
 A character in Othello.
- A character in Antony and Cleopatra.

 A character in Timon of Athens.

 The initials form the name of one of Shakspeare's plays. Irrein Station, Pa. WM. H. MORROW.

Charade.

- WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
- My first is a lady's nickname.
- My first is a lady's nickname.

 My second signifies opposition.

 My third is something mean and disgraceful.

 My fourth belongs to the angels. It gives a
 tone to art, enters into painting, and
 though lingering with sadness, is ever
 found among the gay and happy.

 My whole, in southern latitudes, is a magnificett evergreen tree, bearing a large and beautiful flower of delicious fragrance.

 Baltimore, Md.

 EMILY.
 - EMILY. Baltimore, Md.

Probability Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. A can hit a circular target of 5 inches radius, at a distance of 120 yards, 3 times out of 7 shots with a rifle; and B can hit the same target, at the same distance, 9 times out of 13 shots. Suppose they both fire at the target

simultaneously.

Required—the probability that the target will be hit; the probability that both will hit it; the probability that A will hit it and B miss it, and the probability that B will hit it and A will miss

ARTEMAS MARTIN.

Pranklin, Venango Co., Pa. An answer is requested.

Problem. WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Two travellers, A and B, were asked how far Two travellers, A and B, were asked now far they had travelled A said that he had travelled 50 miles further than B. B said if the number of miles he had travelled were repeated once for every mile A had travelled, the distance would be 75,000 miles. How far had each travelled? Irvein Station, Pa. W. H. MORROW.

An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

- Why is d like a ring? Ans.—Because coan't be seed without it.

 What word is that of eight letters, from which, if you take away five, ten will still renain? Ans.—Tendency.

 Why is wealth like a problem in figures?
- Because it is something to sigh for (cipher.)

 What word is always pronounced wrong?
- Ins.— Wrong, of course.

 Why are the Marys the most amiable of
- eir sex? Ans. Because they can always be When is fortune like an appendage to a
- cesel? Ans.—When it is amassed (a mast.)
 Why is a sailor never a sailor? Ans.ecause he is always a board or a shore.

Answers to Last.

ENIGMA—"The mysterious and attractive Zig." ENIGMA—Clash, (iash, ash.) CHA-RADE—Cornfield (corn-field.)

Answer to J. M. Greenwood's PROBLEM, Jan. 12th—The point of greatest observation is inversely the quantity of matter; 189875.41772151x es from the centre of the earth. Phebus.

Answer to Percival Jewett's PROBLEM, Jap 19th—14 yards each; A paying 25, B 20, and C 15 cents per yard. D. Diefenbach and Frank

Answer to PROBLEM by Selected, Jan. 19:h -He should have sailed north nearly 224 miles. James M. Greenwood.

Answer to Artemas Martin's PROBLEM, same date—125. A. Martin, J. M. Greenwood, Lewis Lebus and J. B. Sanders.

Answer to A. Martin's PROBLEM, Jan. 26th The altitude of the frustrum is 12.299297 inches. Artemas Martin.

Keeping Awake to "Live."

It has been well said that "one half of the orld does not know how the other half lives"e., gains a living. One man in Paris earns a livelihood by keeping awake himself and dis-turbing the sleep of his employers. A man in a blouse is brought up before the Prefecture of Police, charged with being a vagabond. He was found eleeping in the gutter. "Who are you?" "I am a waker by trade." "A what— waker?" "I'm the man what wakes the market gardeners at the great markets. My nose is to pinch 'em when they sleep, and I get one sou for every market gardener I wake." How comes it, then, you were found asleep?"
That's just what I was going to tell you.
cometimes I go to aleep, too—a fellow is a fel-"That's just what I was going to tell you. Sometimes I go to aleep, too—a fellow is a fellow, after all, you know—so I have a deputy waker, who receives half a son every time be catches me asleep." "How comes it, then, he didn't wake you?" "Well, you see, a fellow is a fellow, after all, and my deputy he went to sleep, too, and he's got no deputy under him to wake him when he goes to sleep, and that's how 'tia."

Hurry and Cunning are the two apprectices of Dispatch and Saill, but neither of them ever learn their master's trade.